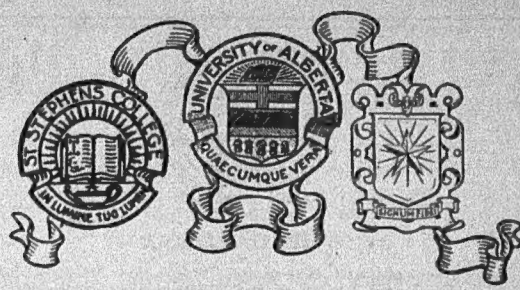


The Gateway



VOL. XXI, No. 20.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1931

TEN PAGES

Manning Elected President By Majority of Some 600

Deep Interest Taken in the Recent Elections—Promise of a Strong Executive for Next Season—Many Close Fought Positions

Sweeping the polls with a substantial majority of some 600 votes, Ted Manning was elected President of the Students' Council for the term 1931-32. That there was keen interest displayed in the elections was clearly evidenced by the crowds who thronged around the polls for the greater part of the day. Miss Kae Craig, running for Vice-President, was elected by a comfortable majority over her two opponents. The new Council will be:

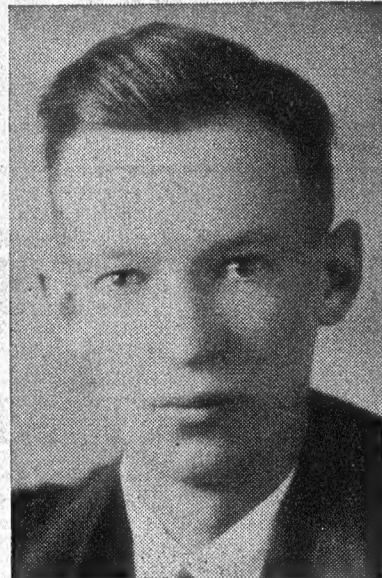
Ted Manning, President.
Kae Craig, Vice-President.
G. Neely, Secretary.
G. Will, Treasurer (acclamation).
W. Meadows, President Men's Athletics (acclamation).
F. J. Edwards, Secretary Men's Athletics (acclamation).
C. N. Tingle, President Debating.
T. C. Byrne, President Dramatics.
M. Kinney, President Wauneitas.
Frances Fisher, Secretary Wauneitas.
J. Kopta, President Women's Athletics.
Mary Cogswell, Secretary Women's Athletics.
W. Wheatley, Arts Representative.
N. D. McLean, Applied Science Representative.
M. Doumouchel, Medical Representative.

The chairman of the Socioal Directorate for the coming season will be Eddie Foy, who was elected over Sid Huckvale by a slim majority of some sixty votes.

The following gentlemen were elected to the Disciplinary Committee: J. T. Cairns, A. B. Evanson, and Vic Gowan.

It is felt that the confidence expressed in all those elected gives promise of a particularly strong administrative for next session.

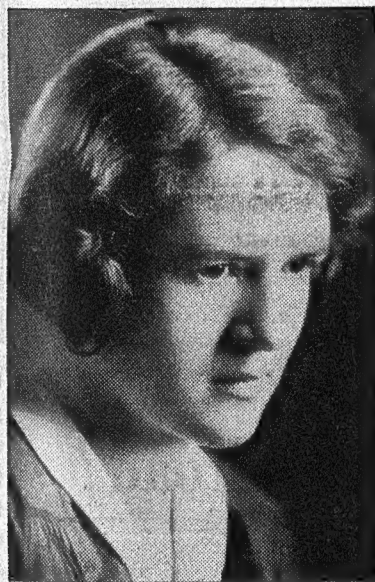
THE BOSS



TED MANNING

Who waged a successful presidential campaign in the recent Students' Union elections.

WAUNEITA CHIEF



MARGARET KINNEY

Who in the recent elections was elected President of the Wauneitas for the coming session.

VICE-PRESIDENT



KAE CRAIG

Who was successful in her campaign in the recent elections.

New Paper "Alberta Review" Edited by Old Varsity Grad

Kenneth C. MacKenzie, One Time Associate Editor of The Gateway, is Guilty Party—First Issue Last Week Well Received

The students of this University will be glad to learn of the prowess of one of its past members, one Kenneth C. MacKenzie by name. Mr. MacKenzie has, with the co-operation of various other graduates of this institution, organized a newspaper, the first issue of which appeared last Friday, and which issue, by the way, was received very favorably by the public. This paper, which is to be known by the name of the "Alberta Review," will be modelled in part after the "Toronto Saturday Night," and will contain in its numerous departments, features along the lines of those in the "Saturday Night." It is worthy of note that the entire editorial staff of "The Review" is composed of graduates of the University of Alberta.

In interviewing Mr. MacKenzie, the reporter obtained the low down (as it were) on this rising publication. The issue which will appear this week will contain a financial page, which should be of great interest to the many readers. Next week will see the inauguration of a social page, and so on until "The Review" has incorporated into itself all the outstanding features that make a paper really worth while.

It was unfortunate that Mr. MacKenzie had to be interviewed just before "The Review" went to press, but it had to be done, and the interview was secured intermittently with bursts of dictation about

"halcyon days" and frantic spasms of proof reading. Decidedly the office of "The Review" is a busy place. Between barrages of journalistic enthusiasm, Mr. MacKenzie managed to inform the writer of this article that in his opinion, every young man should at some time in his life start a newspaper. He should also, Mr. MacKenzie was certain, start the said paper before he was old enough to have more common sense.

In concluding the interview, Mr. MacKenzie said that the germ of the idea behind "The Review" originated back in 1926 when he and Walter Herbert were working together on The Gateway at University. He observed that it only goes to show what can happen to "Ex-Gatewayists" if they're not careful.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL NOTES

At the meeting of the Committee on Student Affairs yesterday, a motion in favor of the proposed action of the Council in regard to the hockey players was passed.

Much discussion took place, and many points were made clearer from both the University authorities and the students. It is the plan of the Council now to discuss the question again at its next meeting.

AL D. HARDING Retiring President of the Students' Union

It is only fitting that a man who participated in student affairs in his Freshman year by claiming the highest office open to a Freshman, should depart at the end of his senior year after holding the highest office in the Union. Between these offices Al has progressed gradually, earning an enviable record as an executive of merit.



Only a man who has the faculty of marshalling the innumerable details connected with the executive end of our student government, and who has solved the problem of obtaining the greatest degree of co-operation from his fellow students, could successfully do what Al has done.

His time has been unstintedly devoted to the task which he willingly undertook, and in the discharge of his duties he has unselfishly

placed his own interests in the background.

The year has not been marked by a dearth of difficulties. On three or four occasions there have been the inevitable clashes between student opinion and that of the faculty. Criticism has sometimes been levelled at Al's head, perhaps with or without cause, for the stand he has taken, but in all cases one can say that after taking a step reached by careful thought, he has stood to his guns—and has successfully withstood the clash from both directions—displaying at all times an understanding of both viewpoints.

From an administrative angle there has been little to complain about. The inauguration of a new system of financing athletics has been well carried out. Matters of routine, including the new office of the Central Check, the enlargement and improvement of the Students' Union office, have all been effective and efficient.

The question of the gymnasium, left over from the previous year, was poured into a mold, and after considerable remodeling, was submitted to the students for their approval. While this was not accepted—undoubtedly the work was one step towards the ultimate achievement of this project.

It is true that election speech promises are very difficult to fulfill—but no one will gainsay that a partial consummation of the ideal plan to see that interfaculty sport and smaller clubs were given a better hand-out, took place. There is yet room for improvement in this respect, but Al's Council has made a start without seriously injuring the financial support necessary for major sports.

Progress in new legislation has been accomplished by his effective policy of appointing committees to tender reports. Only the subjects of athletic tickets, awards and paid officials need be mentioned as cases in which the Council acted on the advice of investigators.

By the end of the year it is to be expected that a new system of check or the financial control of classes will be instituted, and that as a result of the abolishment of honoraria, it is recommended that the burden of work on some of the Union officials should and will be lightened.

Fortunately the Council has never had to fear financial stringency this year, owing to the good support given to athletic events, and in order to promote further interest in rugby plans are in progress to increase the seating capacity on the grid.

It is to be expected that by reason of the strong cash position in which this year's Council hopes to leave the Union, definite steps will be taken to provide for the welfare of the athletic team in the matter of equipment.

After all, the recitation of the activities of a Council at this time of year is mere history, but if one keeps in mind the fact that behind these names Al has been the guiding note—the hand which held an executive together which brought these changes about, then he has done his task well. His cheerfulness and good nature in tackling all problems of our midge democracy, allied with his sound judgment and ability for solving them—all will be remembered by those who have been privileged to work with.

TED MANNING'S MESSAGE

I take this opportunity offered me by The Gateway to express my appreciation to the members of the Students' Union for the honor they conferred upon me on Wednesday.

The new academic year will no doubt bring with it its own particular questions of interest for our Union; but our chief question will always remain: to get as much as possible out of our various literary, athletic and social activities. What we get out of them depends primarily on what we put into them. We on the newly-elected Council deem it our first duty to promote those activities and to encourage participation in them.

TED MANNING.

FRESH RECEPTION IMMENSE SUCCESS

Class '34 Puts on Best Dance in Years—Small Crowd Makes Dancing More Pleasant

Last night Class '34 put on a Freshman Reception which will go down in history. Laboring under severe difficulties imposed upon them by a remarkably poor ticket sale, the Freshman executive rallied gallantly to put on not only one of the best dances of the year, but what is acknowledged one of the best Fresh Receptions in years. Decorations were lacking, but softly colored lights cast a beautiful effect of light and shade upon the assembled crowd.

The Varsity Orchestra was at the top of its form. As it played last night it made Paul Whitman's Orchestra sound like a second-rate lot. When the musicians rendered "I Miss a Little Miss" and "Sweet Jenny Lee," everyone (figuratively) hit the ceiling. But they were at their best in the waltzes, which they rendered in a dreamy and sentimental mood as the dancers circled the hall under the rainbow-hued lights.

To descend to more prosaic matters, the punch and supper were of

APPRECIATION

In this last issue of The Gateway it is fitting to state that the Students' Council appreciates the co-operation and splendid work of the many officers of the different departments of the Union who are not on the Council, of the students who have assisted in many ways, and of Mr. R. W. Adshead as Union Accountant. We wish also to voice an appreciation of the co-operation and many favors of Mr. A. West, Bursar of the University, and his office. To Mr. Larry Alexander, Editor of The Gateway, we wish to say that we appreciate his co-operation in trying to keep awake the interest of the students in the business transacted by the Students' Council through the columns of the paper.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

Due to an error in voting, the Agricultural students are asked to vote again on the Agricultural Representative on the Council (R. Putnam or W. Watson). A poll will be provided in the North Ag. lab. on Monday morning from 9 to 12 in charge of Bill Mead. Those in charge of elections following the calendar and constitution were unaware of the fact that Household Economics has been transferred from Agriculture to Arts and Science, with the result that some House Ec. students voted in the Ag. faculty.

A. D. HARDING,
For Students' Council.

the very best, and most remarkable of all, the punch was in sufficient quantity to last all evening. The small size of the crowd made dancing a real pleasure, and several Freshmen were observed executing complicated steps which would have spelled disaster upon a more crowded floor.

When the last strains of the home waltz melted into the night, everyone left the hall happy, but regretting that it was over.

Our congratulations to Class '34 on their success.

Valedictory Exercises of Class '31 Held Yesterday

Members Now at Reminiscing Stage—Give University a Clock to Remind Us That Time Flies

To the sound of a stirring Processional played by Mr. Nichols on the organ, some sixty-odd begowned seniors filed into Convocation Hall yesterday afternoon, and went through the mysterious "Valedictory Exercises." Class '31 is getting ready to graduate!

The opening item was an address by Dr. A. J. Cook, the Honorary President of the class, who, in a brief but pithy talk, bade the class God-speed. He thanked them for courtesies shown in the past to him, and wished them the best of everything in their lives to come. Following Dr. Cook's address, Miss Hope Hargrave read a very interesting class history. Apparently Class '31 boasts some pretty famous men and women.

Mr. Bill Wheatley then rendered, in his customary pleasing manner, a very cheerful little solo, which was very well received. Following Mr. Wheatley's song, the Junior Critique was read by Miss G. Clayton. The critique told Class '31 what a nice class they were, and wished them the best of luck.

Representing the Alumni Association, Mr. L. Y. Cairns spoke next. He touched briefly upon the organization of the association, and stressed the necessity of every graduating student allying himself or herself with this excellent body. Following Mr. Cairns, Mr. Nichols gave an exquisite rendering of Hollins' "In Springtime."

Next in line was the Valedictory Address, which was read by Ken Conibear, Alberta's Rhodes Scholar.

ENGINEERING GRAD CALLED BY DEATH

Michael Olekszy, Class '29, Dies of Pneumonia

The Gateway wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to the father, brothers and sisters, and many friends of Michael Dmytro Olekszy, who passed away at Wetaskiwin, on March 10th, of pneumonia.

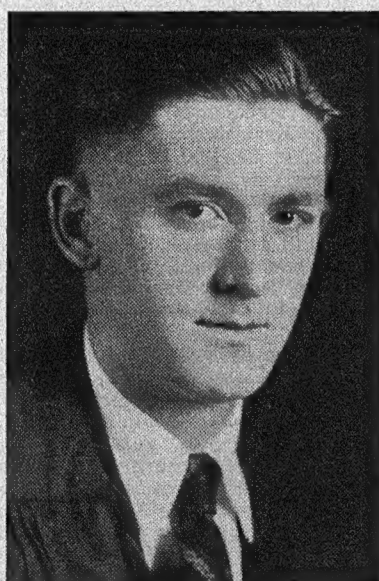
Mr. Olekszy was a graduate of the class of '29 in civil engineering, and his unexpected death came as a distinct shock to those of us who were privileged to know him.

Born in the Ukraine in 1901, "Mike" came to Leduc with his parents in 1907. Entering public school in Edmonton in 1915, he continued through Victoria High, Normal, and then the University.

Up until the time of the illness which resulted in his death, Michael was employed as an engineer for the Highways Branch of the Provincial Government. He was a member of the Ukrainian Institute and the Canadian Institute of Engineers.

The funeral was held on Saturday, March 14th, from the Ukrainian Orthodox Church on 96th Street. Among the many prominent people who spoke at the interment at the Edmonton cemetery were Dean Wilson, head of the Faculty of Applied Science at the University, C. A. Davidson, Commissioner of the Department of Highways and of the Canadian Institute, and several officials representing a number of Ukrainian societies. The funeral was the largest since the immigration of Ukrainians to Alberta.

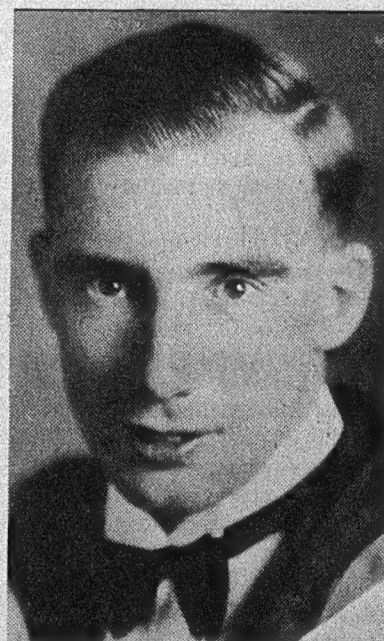
UNION TREASURER



GEORGE WILL

A Commerce student who will get a chance to put his accounting knowledge to use as Treasurer of the Union.

STUDENTS' SCRIVENER



GEORGE NEELY

Who was elected Secretary of the Union by a slim majority over Chris Jackson.

WILL HANDLE DRAMAT



TIM BYRNE

Who has played in many a play around these halls, and who was elected President of Dramat for next year.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026

Editor-in-Chief Lawrence L. Alexander
Associate Editor Percy A. Field
Managing Editor Wilbur F. Bowker
News Editor Albert M. Cairns
Sports Editor Arthur Allen
Assistant Sports Editor Frank J. "Skivers" Edwards
Women's Editor W. Hope Hargrave
Exchange Editor Mabel R. Conibear
Librarian Kenneth W. Conibear

Business Manager Business Staff Duncan Marshall
Advertising Manager Arthur M. Wilson
Circulation Manager William Strome
Assistant Circulation Manager R. L. Coughlan

FINIS

It is with genuine regret that we take up our pen for the last time as Editor of The Gateway. Whatever trials and difficulties may fall to the editor's lot, whatever may be the petty annoyances to which he is subjected, these are more than counterbalanced by the very real pleasure which may be derived from the position. We have encountered this year unreasonable and pettiness, but against these one may offset the finer qualities discovered in persons never previously suspected of possessing them. While the troubles of the Editor of The Gateway may be great the reward to be gained, while it may be largely intangible, is correspondingly great, and we believe that there are few ex-editors of The Gateway who would not gladly, if they had the opportunity, once again accept the responsibility of office.

Perhaps the happiest of the memories left by one's term as editor is the realization of the genuine loyalty of one's staff, who work faithfully, many of them without definite promise of reward other than the satisfaction of work well done. They have always been ready and willing to make personal sacrifices that the paper may appear each week in its appointed place.

At the beginning of the year we made several promises which we pledged ourselves to carry out to the best of our ability. Whether we have succeeded or failed is not for us to say; you, as readers of this paper and as students of the University of Alberta which this paper attempts in some measure to represent must judge of that for yourselves. Probably the greatest reward accruing to the journalist (the University journalist at least), as indeed in the end it is in any calling, is the feeling that one's work has been well done, or failing that, at least that one's best efforts have been expended in the attempt to make it a success.

The motto of this University has been quoted so often and referred to so much, often unfortunately in most inappropriate circumstances, that it has come to be regarded by many as somewhat of a commonplace, and it would seem indeed that this is one case at least in which familiarity breeds contempt, for all too many the significance of "whatsoever things are true" has dwindled until only the empty words remain to form an admirable catch-phrase. Too many people in the world today stumble blindly along a gloomy path littered with the shattered fragments of ideals which they tell themselves have become outworn in our "modern" world. Having no new ideals to replace those they have lost or destroyed, these people seek comfort and reassurance in ridiculing them and in announcing to an ever-credulous world that they have at last found freedom.

In journalism as in other walks of life this attitude becomes more and more marked as the years pass. The college press, which should owe no allegiance to industrial or political interests, or to any particular creed, has today one of the most splendid opportunities in history to speak fearlessly and honestly and so to show the world that the men and women of our universities have saved some of their shattered ideals from the junk-heap, but also to help those students which come under its influence to realize that a life without ideals is less than no life at all.

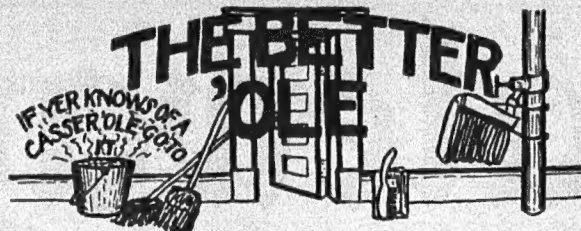
May those who in future rule the destinies of The Gateway remember the high ideal set for them two thousand years ago by the man who wrote the motto of the University, and in so remembering make a sincere attempt to follow not only "whatsoever things are true," but those things that are just and honorable as well.

And so we come to the close, to write the cryptic "thirty" at the end of our column. We have spoken.

THE ALBERTA REVIEW

On March 14 a new paper made its bow to the world. It is the "Alberta Review," a paper, to quote its own heading, "of literary and public affairs, published every Saturday at Edmonton." It is as yet small, the first issue consisting of eight pages, but plans for its future enlargement are already under way. Consciously modelled after the well-known "Toronto Saturday Night," both in make-up and type of article presented, this paper should have a definite place in the life of Western Canada.

From the point of view of the University the most interesting feature of the "Alberta Review" is the fact that nearly all of its more important officers are University of Alberta graduates, which fact may assist somewhat in disproving the gloomy contention that university training robs men of their initiative. There may or may not be some inference to be drawn from the further fact that many of the members of the editorial staff while at the University were in one way and another connected with The Gateway. Kenneth C. MacKenzie, the Editor, was Associate Editor of The Gateway in 1924-25, while one of the Associate Editors of the Alberta Review, Wilfrid Wees, is an ex-editor of The Gateway. Of the others, Emily Herbert will be remembered as Emily Horrocks, a frequent contributor to The Gateway, while Frances Shillington and Duncan Innis have also written for this paper. Perhaps when Mr. MacKenzie has arrived at fame and fortune he will sufficiently remember his affiliation with The Gateway to provide a home for



"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

Enough for lunch and car-fare, we should say.—The Emery Weal.

Husband (feeling a twinge in the back while tuning in the radio) "I believe I am getting lumbago." Wife: "What's the use, dear? You won't understand a word they say."—The Emery Weal.

Lost Opportunities

When a politician alleges that stealing is going on, he usually fails to keep his voice from sounding a little wistful.—Managra.

And then there was the man who thought that the term "laissez-faire" referred to the idle co-ed class.

An optimist is a student who fills his pen just before a Greek Exam.—Ski-U-Mah.

Professor—Bevan, how was iron first discovered? Bevan—They smelt it.

—Queen's University Journal.

Train Announcer: "Train leaves in fifteen minutes to Reginamoosejawswifeturrentmedicine hat an' points east! Well, lady, what do you want?"

Old Lady: "I want a train to Winnipeg, and I don't care which way it points."—The Sheaf.

1st Freshie in Math. Exam—How far are you from the correct answer.

2nd Freshie—Two seats.—Managra.

Murray—Say, waitress, is this an incubator chicken?

Waitress—I don't know, sir. Why?

Murray—Any chicken that had a mother could never get as tough as this one.—Managra.

With Apologies

Live of great men
Oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
Asking foolish
Questions, taking
All the recitation time.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Accuracy

Desperado—Halt! If you move, you're dead.
Professor—My man, you should be more careful of your English. If I should move it would be a positive sign that I was alive.—Managra.

"Shay, oshifer, where's the corner?"
"Why, you're standing on it."
"Sat so; no wonder I couldn't find it."

—The Emery Weal.

Knowest Thou?

That it is very fortunate that the Indian when he disappeared from the country, forgot to take his summer with him.

That Ireland is the richest of the countries because her capital is always Dublin.

That there is no such thing as a whole day, because each day begins by breaking.

That little birds in their nests agree because they are afraid of falling out.

That a fisherman is wealthy only when he receives his net profit.

That the day on which women talk the least throughout the year is the shortest day.

—The Emery Weal.

distracted Gateway editors, where these latter may spend the declining years of a frenzied existence in peace and quiet.

Our best wishes to the "Alberta Review." May it continue and prosper, and may its editors always have the courage to publish one of those rare papers which attempt to do justice to every cause, whatsoever it may be.

MGR. EMILE-JEAN-MARIE GROUARD, O.M.I.

One by one the grand old pioneers of the Northwest are passing. The most recent death is that, on March 7, of Archbishop Emile Grouard, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of the Athabasca Diocese, one of the best known and best loved of the missionaries so many of whom have left their names as enduring memories in the history of the West.

Born near Le Mans, France, in 1840, Mgr. Grouard came early under the influence of his cousin, Mgr. Grandin, whose name is also familiar to almost every inhabitant of this province. With him Mgr. Grouard came to this country in 1860, at the age of twenty years. Three years later, in 1863, he joined the Oblate order, which he served so faithfully until his death.

Although not the first of the Oblate Fathers to come to Alberta, Mgr. Grouard is one of the pioneers, having made the long and laborious journey from the Dakotas by ox-cart. Mgr. Grouard is perhaps better known to the public than many of his fellow-missionaries by reason of the fact that, despite his great age, he has, until this winter, continued to carry on his work in the vicinity of the settlement on the shores of Lesser Slave Lake which bears his name. The colorful and fascinating story of his life, and many interesting phases of the history of the West, are well told in the books which he has written, outstanding amongst these being his "Soixante Ans d'Apostolat," published only a few years ago.

Mgr. Grouard was the last of the more famous pioneer Oblate missionaries. Together with Father Leduc, Father Lacombe and Mgr. Grandin, his name will go down forever in the pages of western history.



APOLOGY

11757 102nd Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta,
March 17th, -931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In connection with Prof. Nichols' correspondence in last week's issue of The Gateway, I would like to convey through the medium of your column my public apology for the omission of the names of Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Ross and Mr. Dalkin from my review of the University Opera. This was not really in the nature of a "flagrant omission," and was in no way connected with the final paragraph of that review. It was rather the result of unfortunate circumstances.

Yours truly,
H. B. BINNY.

MORE ABOUT OPERA

March 18, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—After reading in last week's Gateway the letter submitted by Mr. Nichols re the opera and your editorial upon the same topic, I feel, even though the production was put on some time ago, that there are still a few things that call for comment.

First, dear sir, let me say, on behalf of the business executive of the opera, that we did appreciate very much the co-operation that The Gateway extended to us in connection with our publicity drive. We were both pleased and gratified that you saw fit to devote a very generous share of your paper to advertising the opera. We heartily thank you for the consideration extended in that respect.

After receiving such considerate co-operation, we were quite disappointed, however, that you should publish in your following issue a report of the opera which did indeed go much beyond the range of fair criticism. To be candid, the effect created by the tenor of the whole article, in my opinion, was quite contrary to the headline of the paper, "Opera Scores Big Success." Now, because many criticisms were levelled at the report, you accuse those who criticize of having as regards the opera, the "extremely stupid attitude" that it was above criticism. I contend strongly that no member of the direction, executive or cast had such an attitude at all, and they certainly do not object to fair criticism. What did surprise me in your editorial was that you endeavored to justify your stand on the fact that in the past there have been "far more destructive and bitter criticisms." "Bitterness," in my opinion, should not be an element in any criticism of any dramatic production. If that has been the policy in the past I, for one, would like to trust that it will be radically changed in the future, and that criticisms while they might be adverse, they must be fair—and certainly neither bitter nor malicious.

Further, you endeavor to remove the sting of the report by saying that Mr. Binny's remarks "were not intended to indicate that the production as a whole was considered poor." Evidently you admit that one could reasonably draw such a conclusion from his remarks, and endeavor to excuse him on the ground that he had good intentions. Now, how can anyone ascertain what his intentions were except by reading what was on the printed page?

I am pleased that at least you do regret very much that the names of three of our worthy directors were omitted. If one can fully realize just exactly how much time they devoted to making the opera a success, even the most laudatory remarks in our official paper would only be a small tribute to the interest they have shown in a university production.

I am very sorry indeed that your article did not also contain some expressions of regret that in the report the only thanks which outsiders got for sacrificing their time and energy to take part in a university opera was the query, why can't we get along without them? Such was the disgusting courtesy that was extended at the conclusion of the report.

Through no fault of yours it was a rather unfortunate coincidence that the very evening the paper containing this unkind report came out, was the evening pre-selected by Mrs. Carmichael to generously open her home and hold a grand reception for the cast. Several issues of the paper were on hand, and little wonder that a number of us were rather ashamed that such was the manner in which our official paper deemed fit to report on the production of the opera. The feeling of shame, however, was somewhat overcome by the reading of a letter from our president, Dr. Wallace, graciously lauding and thanking Mrs. Carmichael, in particular, and in general to all those who had given time in making the opera a real success.

Now a number of us did intend to write in last week's issue; but as we understood that Mr. Nichols was taking up the matter we refrained from so doing, trusting that he would call your attention to the matter fairly, which he did. In return, you barely acknowledged his point of view, and still endeavor to justify what was an uncalled for report; and further than that, you have the temerity to boldly charge the rest of us with lacking in initiative for not writing additional letters of complaint. Such a charge was quite unfounded, as I have pointed out.

I regret, dear sir, that the occasion has arisen which, in fairness to the opera staff, demands and justifies the writing of this letter.

Truly yours,
CECIL COLLIER.

(Continued on Page 3)

— wonderful, that's my verdict, they are blended right.

TWENTY FOR 25c
TWELVE FOR 15c

Winchester
CIGARETTES
Poker Hand in Each Package of 20

D

SMART AFTERNOON DRESSES
and
The New Blouse for Easter Vacation

D'Allairds Ltd.

Are You Going Abroad?

All the Overseas Scholars and the majority of Overseas travellers from the University of Alberta travelled Canadian Pacific last year and availed themselves of the personal services of Ron. W. Greene or Steve Shandro.

If going abroad, Phone 25675 for appointment or information, or call at Room 106a, C.P.R. Building.

Canadian Pacific Steamships

Announcing

S.C.M. SPRING CAMP

May 2-8.

Fallis, on Lake Wabamun

Study—Fellowship—Inspiration—Fun

Theme: "Jesus in the Life of Today."

Program: Mornings—Study groups on life of Jesus.

Open forum discussion of current problems.

Afternoons—Free for recreation.

Evenings—Group singing.

Addresses by leaders in various fields.

Cost: Eight dollars or less, including transportation by bus to and from the camp.

Further details are available at the S.C.M. Office (A159). Registration fee of 50c is payable before April 15th. As attendance is limited to forty students, those wishing to attend should register early.

MRS. W. H. JACKSON
MILLINERY

Removed from 11410 95th
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You are invited to inspect the
latest innovations for immediate
and later wear.

Edmonton Masquerade Parlors

Are now established in their
new location

10158 Jasper Avenue
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Call and see us for Carnival
Costumes and makes up

"Any occasion is an occasion
for Flowers"

Edmonton Flower Shop

WM. SLOCOMBE, Manager
10223 Jasper Avenue
Phone 21739. Edmonton

Your Orders Executed
Promptly for Every Occasion

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from Page 2)

THE PORTO RICAN DEBATE

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—In last week's issue
some one by the pen-name of Percival
Hodnut requested, in a column headed
"Pot Pourri," an explanation of the
reasons why the Executive of the
Debating Society had not accepted the
offer extended by the Porto
Rican debating team to visit the Uni-
versity of Alberta, and, further, why
this offer had not been communicated
to the Council. Although somewhat
surprised at the manifestation of
a hitherto unsuspected interest in
debating on the part of the said
gentleman, I respectfully submit the
following reasons for the well-con-
sidered refusal of the executive re-
sponsible.

In the first place, acceptance was
deemed inadvisable on account of
(1) a recognized dearth of sufficient
suitable debating material, (2) a
prospective inadequacy in budget ap-
propriation, (3) an already well-
rounded program of activities, and
(4) a probable time-table clash. So
much for the Executive's decision in
the matter.

As to the reasons why the matter
was not referred to the Council, they
will, in the light of the above, be
sufficiently obvious to make unneces-
sary any further comment. Suffi-
cient to say that it would be absurd
to condemn an executive for the
judicious exercise of common-sense
in forbearing to press an issue which,
by its very nature, was doomed to
rejection.

Although not a member of the ex-
ecutive at the time the decision was
made, I trust I have stated the case
fairly and in such a manner as to
remove any lingering misapprehen-
sion.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor.
R. W. HAMILTON,
President, Debating Society.

MORE ABOUT PORTO RICAN DEBATERS

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I take pleasure in the
evident flurry caused by my com-
ments in the "Pot Pourri" column
of last week. It has been some time
since even a students' governing
body has seen fit to show an interest
in the news and features of this
paper, and Mr. Hamilton's letter de-
ceives a warm welcome on that ac-
count, if on no other.

I propose to deal with the Debating
Executive's "reasons" in the order
given by their protagonist. Their
"well-considered refusal" was arriv-
ed at by a logical process so well-
known as to be traditional with the
Executive:

(1) Real dearth of suitable de-
bating material: Mr. Hamilton has
not drawn the line between the "real"
and the "imaginary." As Bridges
says, "And thus men came to think
that their corporeal sense encounter-
ed reality in the appearance of
things." Might I suggest that there
is every reason to know that there
is as fine material in this University
this year as we have had for some
time? Messrs. Bierwagen, Reynolds,
Tingle, Maxwell, Manning (our new
Union president), Sigler, Priestley,
and last, but not least, R. W. Hamil-
ton. Surely a team might have been
selected from this list which would
not have disgraced the University? Were
these people (excluding Mr. Hamil-
ton) asked to consider a Porto
Rican debate? Not that I am aware.

(2) Prospective inadequacy of bud-
get appropriation: As I pointed out
in "Pot Pourri," the Imperial debate
of last year more than cleared ex-
penses. Also, Mr. A. Harding, when
interviewed, stated that the Council,
had the matter been submitted to
them, would have been glad to con-
sider the possibility of a debate, but
nothing had been said to them.

(3) Already well-rounded program
of activities: In view of the impor-
tance given to the visiting Porto Rican
debaters in the large United States
(eastern) and major Canadian uni-
versities, an "activity" of this type
is surely not too much to add to the
program of the Society, which this
year, as in previous years, in-
cluded only two major debates.

(4) Probable time-table clash: This
is the weakest point in the argu-
ment. Mr. Hamilton, as an experi-
enced debater, should know better
than to place his feeblest point last.
Time-tables are generally amenable
to adjustment. On the basis of
"probable" clashes, it would be as
reasonable to veto all student ac-
tivities in the University.

Mr. Hamilton's statement of the
Executive's "obviously sufficient"
reasons for not at least submitting
the matter to the Council does not
impress me very strongly, for reasons
even more obviously sufficient, I
think.

Although surprised to note the
sudden display of interest in The
Gateway, which paper Mr. Hamilton
so recently swore to renounce with
all its works and pomps, may we
congratulate him on his revived in-
terest in the affairs of this world.

Yours sincerely,
G. N. ILES,
Per Percival Hodnut.

S.C.M. CONFERENCE SCHEDULED FOR MAY

Will Gather at Fallis for Interest-
ing Meet the First Week
in May

Not within historic times has the
S.C.M. here undertaken a large Camp
or Conference. Yet conferences
have played no small part in the life
of the Movement across Canada. At
Jasper, at Elgin House, at Deep
Brook students have met for brief
periods of study, fellowship and re-
creation, and have come away thrill-
ed with the sense of a new outlook.
For conference life is somewhat dif-
ferent, and few they are who, hav-
ing begun to live it, do not wish to
continue. And even though they
cannot explain to others their en-
thusiasm, they know that they have
stumbled upon one of those experi-
ences which make life richer.

The difficulty in the past has been
that so few students could afford to
travel to Jasper or some other re-
mote spot for a conference. And so
it has been decided this year to hold
a camp much closer home, thus offer-
ing to many more students the
opportunity to participate in confer-
ence life.

The camp is to be held from May
2-8 at Fallis, on Lake Wabamun, fifty
miles west of Edmonton by motor
road. The C.G.I.T. Clubhouse has
been secured, and will accommodate
fifty people, which means that some-
thing over forty students will be able
to attend. Food will be taken out
from Edmonton and prepared (and
consumed) on the spot, under the
direction of a capable camp cook.

The program of the conference
will be grouped around the theme:
"Jesus in the Life of Today." Morn-
ings will be occupied by study groups
on the life of Jesus and by open
forum discussions of current prob-
lems in industry, the University, So-
ciety, international and race relation-
ships, etc. Afternoons will be free
for rambling, canoeing or impromptu
games. Evenings will be taken up
with singing and addresses which will
attempt to apply the spirit of Jesus
to the solution of current problems.

Many things about the conference
are as yet uncertain; in particular,
the leaders and speakers are not yet
definitely decided. They will be
drawn largely from Edmonton, sup-
plemented by one or two from Sask-
atchewan or Manitoba. Whoever they
are, they will be worth listening to
and becoming acquainted with.

It is expected that the total cost
of the camp (including transporta-

"OUTWARD BOUND"

A CRITIQUE

One feels a little timid after the
recent letter in The Gateway in
which university critics are advised
to be good—or silent, in undertaking
any account of the university Spring
Play, "Outward Bound," and per-
haps if a certain promise had not
been given, a retreat might be ef-
fected beyond the machine-gun fire
of the unsatisfied. This too by way
of introduction; it is very hard to
write a fair critique of any play
given in Convocation Hall. The
present writer has seen scores of
plays in the hall, plays in which our
best talent has performed; there has
never been one in which the voice of
even the most gifted actor has not
been inaudible for longer or shorter
periods. Besides, the gentleman who
designed the seats for Convo, made
a careful study of the human an-
atomy before he went to work, and
then decided on a profound system
of mortification of the flesh. One
might also mention that an impolite
radiator made up its mind to hiss
during all the latter half of the sec-
ond act. The remark of Scrubby in
the play, "This is Heaven—and
Hell," was fairly descriptive of the
auditorium conditions.

Of course it would not be quite
just to put it all on the broad shoul-
ders of Convo; Johnny Farrell and
Chris Jackson were much to blame at
times for a heavy fading in their
voices which reduced their speeches
to self-communing, which was, frank-
ly, irritating, perhaps especially so
in the case of Farrell, because
Scrubby's somewhat acid remarks are
no small part of the play's charm.
Voices were, on the whole, very fair,
and Dorothy Riley achieved a record
for all time, as the phrase is, by get-
ting across ninety-five per cent. of
her lines. Generally speaking, voices
were tolerably adjusted to the lines.
One conspicuous failure was the place
where Scrubby and Ann (Eileen
Sterling) were enumerating the
things they liked on the earth; there
was almost a little sympathy with
those charming statements as one
would expect in the totalling of a
laundry list. But of course neither
of the actors really believed in the
enumeration they were making.

Well, "Outward Bound" is a won-
derful play. It proved too much for
the intelligence of the overtown re-
porters, to be sure, but one might
expect university people to have a
little more perspicacity than some
remarks overheard would indicate.
The judgment of those whom this
critic respects was, on the contrary,
to the effect that the play was per-
haps the best thing the University
Dramat has ever done; personally, I
would except "The Adding Machine."
And, by the way, where was the
student audience? It is discouraging
to those who try sincerely to believe
in the worth of universities, to see an
event like "Outward Bound" passed
up by the greater part of the student
body (oh, yes, and the faculty; quite
true, Jeems!). But in an institution
where so much attention goes to the
feet, no doubt it is too much to ex-
pect very much to go to the head.
The overtown people, of course, are
getting so habituated by the Big
Little Theatre to "shows" that you
can understand why they weren't
there, and then too they would have
had such a headache trying to fol-
low! Just this by way of concluding
this section; you don't have to agree
with Sutton Vane's thesis in order to
admire the subtlety of the idea and
the quality of the dramaturgy. As
one lady of my acquaintance remark-
ed: "People have a perfect right to
suicide if they want to, and shouldn't
be differently treated from anybody
else." But I don't think the author
would insist on the fact that they
should, as article one in his creed,
accept the differentiation of the
auto-defunct (and that doesn't mean
a person killed by a car, either).

What is the great beauty of the
play, its central point undoubtedly?
Is it not just this—the projection
against the background of an idyllic
love, slightly out of gear with the
ten commandments and Mrs.
Grundy's Handbook to Society, of
five drab or sordid careers represent-
ing average humanity's harvest from
life? To this critic the play is not
an argument, nor a thesis, but a
simple holding of the mirror up to
life, though in a peculiarly modern
way. If it does not present life as
a very attractive thing, that may pos-
sibly be the fault, not of the dramat-
ist, but of life itself. Of course that
is the thing which most people hate
to admit, and their tendency is to
cry down anyone who says it. Still,
even in "Outward Bound," doesn't
the love of Henry and Ann for each
other, and of Mrs. Midgett for her
son, come with redeeming grace to
illuminate the dull grays of human
ineptitude or worse?

As for individuals, John Farrell's
Scrubby was in respect of action
good, and his combination of the
semi-deferential, semi-supercilious,
which so often marks a good bartend-
er (haud ignota loquor!) excellent.
Difficulties in hearing him, due in
part to poor enunciation, have been

tion) will be not more than eight
dollars per person. Those interested
may obtain further particulars from
the Secretary, G. V. Haythorne, at
the S.C.M. Office (A159). Registra-
tion fee of 50c should be paid to the
secretary before April 15th by all in-
tending to attend.

So—
—if you would like to recuperate
in the country from the effects of ex-
aminations,

—if you would like to think seri-
ously about important problems of
life,

—if you would like to become ac-
quainted with a number of interest-
ing and companionable people—

Come along to Fallis and do your
part to make this, our first confer-
ence, a success.

already referred to. Larry Davis as
Pryor carried a heavy part very nat-
urally for the most part, though I
feel that at times he raged too much
like the heathen and imagined vain
things. But it is a pleasure to see
one as easy in manner on the stage
as Larry is; you feel sure that his
action will ring true. It might be
suggested to him that he study shad-
ing in the expression of emotion a
little more. Chris Jackson deserves
a world of praise for the courage and
real ability with which he leaped
into the gap created by Bert Cairns'
regrettable illness, and prepared him-
self for his part in thirty-six hours.
It would be unfair to criticize ex-
tensively under the circumstances,
but one may be permitted to detect
a lack of vitality in Chris's acting
which greatly detracts from its in-
trinsic quality. William Odynski, as
the successful Rotarian, Lingley, gave
an uneven performance, very com-
monplace in spots, exceedingly good
in others. Stage artistry in the de-
lineation of character demands, of
course, a rendition with a convincing
unity of portraiture. Timothy Byrne
produced an excellent impression of
wholesomeness, of a being relieved
from cheapness and banality, just, I
believe, as the author would wish;
and if at times, he dropped into the
unctuous tones of sermonizing, that
too was in character. Once a cleric,
always a cleric, in eternity as well as
in time; and did you ever know a
preacher who really gave up being
didactic?

Mr. Ken Ives as Henry, and Miss
Eileen Sterling as Ann, the lovers
who tried to get rid of life's enigma
via the gas route, managed pretty
successfully two parts which involv-
ed little speaking but much acting;
it is really much harder to be a back-

ground than an actor. But Mr. Ives,
whose Skopas type of face greatly
assisted him in his part, conveyed
quite powerfully the notion of a con-
stant and obsessing terror, and Eileen
Sterling, at that point where she ad-
vances towards the audience, hands
outstretched and uttering short,
staccato sentences, gave us one of
the really great moments of the play.
Others of her stage movements be-

(Continued on Page 6)

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When Climbing A Mountain

By Margaret H. Gold Brine

If you love the tang of early morning air, the quietness of wide-stretching valleys, the awesomeness of beautiful white-capped, tree-clad peaks, the zest of physical effort which is many times repaid by a panorama no valley dweller ever enjoys—then, you too, may become a devotee of this ancient and honorable cult, that of the worship of High Places. The principal creed is a certain belief in the power of mountain valleys and summits to cleanse the mind of what is of the earth, earthy and to sweep away the cobwebs of blurred and tired spirits befogged by the dullest part of the business of living. The only ritual in this cult is the simple act of raising the eyes to the everlasting hills and worshipping in spirit the Presence of High Places, which in some inexplicable fashion makes the sick spirit well and the blind spirit to see.

The Playground of America

We should feel very proud that in this vast new country of Canada we, in the West, have at our very doors one of the finest summer and winter playgrounds to be found anywhere. It was only eighty years ago that climbing began to become a sport in Switzerland, and I would venture to think that our Rockies will play very soon quite as important a rôle for all America as Switzerland does for Europe. Though all mountains with their rocks, tree-clad valleys, snow slopes and ice caps resemble each other, there are differences. In our mountains there are a vast number of unexplored peaks and glacier fields, many a new route to be found up well known summits, alpine meadows covered with exquisite flowers unbroken by paths—everywhere is freshness and simplicity. The Alps are civilized, our Rockies natural. There are some who prefer the sophistication of the former, others who care more for the simplicity of the latter. Here is new ground, new routes, no unalterable paths nor rigid conventions. Living becomes as it were without boundary and without artifice.

The Alpine Club of Canada

It is in this gay spirit of natural freedom that the Alpine Club of Canada meets for a fortnight every summer somewhere in the Rockies or Selkirk. Its members come from various parts of the continent and often an enthusiastic climber from England, Europe or New Zealand has paid us a visit during the climbing season. It is a very cosmopolitan and motley gathering which encircles the camp-fire every evening. Every profession, every branch of the business world is represented among the climbers, and now for the space of two weeks political, national and social differences are left behind, care is an unknown word, the outside world a dream. Are those not the ingredients for a glorious holiday?

Mount Robson and Berg Lake

It is several years ago that the club held its annual gathering at the base of Mount Robson. From the railway this beautiful mountain is an imposing mass, and as you approach its base and skirt it to reach Berg

Lake at its far side, the whole bulk towers above you like a huge grey cloud. The eighteen mile tramp from the railway station to the far end of Berg Lake is a long day on mountain trails particularly for muscles not yet hardened. But it is a day filled with beautiful views of near and distant snow peaks, many waterfalls, the lovely quietness of Berg Lake itself, fed by the milky waters of Robson Glacier and by the Tumbling Glacier which comes right down to the water's edge in a huge wall and with a terrific bang releases at intervals a mass of ice into the quiet waters of the ice cold lake. The Alpine camp was pitched near the lake on the banks of a crystal clear stream. This was our water supply. Our food supply was brought in daily with mail and dunnage bags by pack train.

Climbing With Conrad Kain

Experienced Swiss guides were loaned to the club by the Canadian National Railway, and our own experienced amateur climbers, quite capable of guiding, assisted them. Perchance from the depths of your easy chair you might like to go acclimbing with Conrad Kain. He is one of the best guides living and a climber of international reputation. I can guarantee that, safely ensconced in your chair, not even Conrad can make you puff as you go in spirit up the steep slopes, but rather, if my feeble pen were able, you should enjoy one after the other those little adventures which grouped together go to make up a happy day full of satisfaction and memories.

On the evening of the day before you wish to climb you scrutinize carefully the bulletin board, and of the several climbs offered you put your name and tent number under the following head: "Mount Lynx. Up 3:30. Leave 4:30. Conrad Kain guide."

Now you have not been in camp a few hours before you have learned that a day's climb with Conrad is a day full of adventure and zest. And so at the first opportunity you are happy to be able to climb under his leadership. After signing up, climbing shoes and nails must be inspected and all equipment placed in easy reach for the early rising. With that inward bounding of excitement, which you used to feel on Christmas eve when quite small, you worm your way down into your sleeping-bag and wonder if you can close an eye all night.

Early to Bed, Early to Rise

Of course you do. And it seems as if you had just dropped off, when there comes a gentle tapping at your tent, and a voice out of the darkness calls cheerily, "Miss Smith, climbers up!" Your tent fellows open a sleepy eye each, realize that it is none of their affair and turn over with a disgusting air of satisfaction that they do not have to get up. The zero hour is upon you when you wonder why you ever decided to climb anyway. Then something about strength of character occurs to you, and you slowly draw yourself from the warmth of your bag and begin in the chill of the night to draw on one cold garment after another. Is it

The Gateway

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

1931

worth it? Where can I have put that pair of gloves and my snow glasses? If only there were a small cupful of warm water for my sun-burned face! Well, there you are finally ready, not awake certainly, but at least up, dressed and on your stumbling way to the climbing headquarters' tent. It is still quite dark with an occasional star twinkling down and wondering what all the fuss is about. You find the four other members of the party just come, getting a hasty and indifferent breakfast which the cook has just prepared. Other climbers wander in like ghosts, bent on breakfast and an expedition other than your own.

The Spirit of Adventure

The piping hot coffee makes you blink, and presently you are aware of a small, busy figure, evidently quite wide awake, stuffing numerous packages and rolls of rope into a capacious ruck-sack. Conrad seems to have been up for hours, and is already bright and cheery. He calls his party together, checks them off his list, you try to remember what you have forgotten, for it is sure to be important, and you are off. How the guide can, in the dense darkness of just before dawn, trust one foot before the other over the uneven meadow or the stoney creek bed will always remain a mystery. But he never hurries or falters, and as you waken bit by bit the spirit of the grand adventure creeps in upon you, the cool tang of the morning air is like nectar, the mystery of the still shapeless mountain masses enthralls, and body and spirit awaken to the surge and joy of being alive.

Dawn, and Mountain Vistas

Dawn slowly greys, the valley mists begin to rise with the first touch of the sun, and then with a rush it is day. By now you are halfway up the long winding tongue of the Robson Glacier, where you must give close attention to your feet in

order to adjust your stride to the uneven surface of the ice. The party from a distance probably resembles a little group of bunnies, with their hop, skip and carry one. In three hours the party reach the base of Mount Lynx which the glacier skirts. Here they are roped and the real climb begins. First up firm rock, then zigzag up steep snow slopes with a few steps which Conrad must needs cut out of the ice with his ever-ready ice-axe. And as they move the guide's eye reconnoitres the slopes up ahead for the best route, takes in at a downward glance the climbing party following to see that everyone is happy, and marks weather conditions or a wild animal roaming in the valley far below. Besides all this, if the rocks continue easy, Conrad invariably keeps up a running banter, or poises himself on a vantage point and recounts in his inimitable style and with a very comical accent, some mad adventure of former climbs. He never seems to tire or puff.

Breakfast in the High Places

The party has been making slow but steady progress up the final slope, and after a fifteen minute walk up sliding shale, the cairn or stone man is reached. It depends on your constitution what you do next. If you are of the comfortable, stout variety you probably sink down against the stone man and with closed eyes and convulsed breathing, wonder how they can prepare you a suitable burial up here. If, on the other hand, your connection with the race of monkeys is quite clear and you have come bounding up like a disembodied spirit, then with a whoop of joy you will try to find a spot from which the panorama of mountain peaks and valleys is unbroken, and will prepare to feast your eyes on such boundless views as the plain's dweller cannot comprehend. The exhausted one opens an eye at the sound of paper bags rattling, and

It was a perfectly gorgeous day for Scotland. A fresh breeze was blowing, the sun shone down on us, and everything was scented with the perfume of the flowers that grew at every cottage door. We were en route for Drymen, a little town not far from Loch Lomond. Along paved roads, we motored between high hedges which had been growing for years and achieved a brilliant green that we never see in this sunburned prairie land of ours. At times, as we topped a hill, we could see the landscape spread out in front of us. Little pocket-handkerchief fields, all marked off with stone dykes, the copper beeches shone like bronze. I fully believe that one's first sight of a copper beech is never forgotten. At other times, as we reached the valley, we ran between high trees whose foliage almost shut out the sky above. To one whose only experience of trees was that of the scrub of the prairies, or at best the jack-pines of northern Alberta, these magnificent old patriarchs were a revelation. At last we arrived at Drymen—pronounced "Drimm," if you please, and a quaint little town you never saw. The streets ran every which way. The shops, with their dark windows that refused to show you anything, were in queer, little out-of-the-way places. There were even some cottages with thatched roofs, and one and all had their garden with a profusion of roses. There were roses everywhere. Roses bloomed in front of the doors, roses climbed the high stone walls, roses

tapped at the windows with faintly perfumed fingers. Everywhere were roses.

Then, because we were so near to Loch Lomond, we must go to see the spot about which so many songs have been sung. As we climbed the wild rocky path that led to the lake, the sun went behind a cloud and the wind rose. Everything seemed to take on a menacing air. The very trees began to disappear, and stunted bushes took their place. Only the fox-gloves were friendly as they peeped shyly out from behind the rocks. As we reached the summit of the hill, we looked down on Loch Lomond in one of its fiercest moods. The rocks down to the shore were black and wet with spray. The dark waters dashed up as if they resented our presence and sought to drive us away. The many islands which dotted the lake for miles seemed to throw up their rocky walls to ward off the invasion, and the trees which crowned their tops seemed to defy us to approach. We clambered down the rocks to the shore, but the clouds which were gathering began to pelt us with their long pent-up load, and shivering slightly, we beat a hasty retreat. Old Loch Lomond had not deigned to smile upon us on that day.

Eevening

Grey skies
Before the rain—
They have wept on the earth
And are clear again.

Bright west
And a cold sun—
The sudden earth is reddened
As day is done.

Cold wind
From a cold sky—
The naked trees are all ashiver—
Night is nigh.

—O. R. W.

From the Haverford News comes the following statistics:

If the freshman class at Emory University was weighed together, it would balance an eighteen-ton truck. If sold as junk or fertilizer, the class would bring \$190. If the members were placed end to end, the line would reach over a quarter of a mile—in any direction except towards the library—Queen's University Journal.

3H IS
ALWAYS 3H
4B IS
ALWAYS 4B
WITH
ELDORADO
THE
MASTER
DRAWING
PENCIL"

FOR SALE AT THE
COLLEGE BOOKROOM

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MUSIC

Once, in the age Saturnian,
When every breeze was still,
No shepherd sang to his flocks
Upon the grassy hill,
There was not the laugh of a water-fall
Or even a mountain rill.

Then all the earth was silent,
Never the cuckoo sang,
Never was lullaby to child,
Nor the bronze shot lance's clang;
All earth above was silent—
Only the fishes sang.

There was an elderly tortoise
Creeping along the strand,
And the youngest god swooped down
And seized him with eager hand,
Pitched his shell and struck it—
And so music came to land.

For, with the first strange echoes
Never heard before,
The shepherds sang, the water-falls
Leaped down with a gladdened roar,
The four winds laughed, and fishes
Gave dumb for evermore.

—O. R. W.

Song of the Iceland Vikings

Over the sea, when the ice comes
Grooping and slinging,
With the unseen Valkyrs above
Calling and singing,
And the grey mist call
Walking, walking,
Ever the plundering berg
Gliding and stalking.

Over the sea, when the ice comes
Southward we go,
Sweeping away from the headland of
green,
Slipping from berg and floc.
South seas—pleasant seas
To northern men—
But we return to where mountains
burn
Back to our North again.

Over the sea, when the ice comes
With swift and dip,
With the hand of the wind on our
sail,
The rattle of our in the slip;
Over and out to sunshine
As tempests blow—
Out for a while from the dreariness
It is well to go.

—O. R. W.

THE SCARAB

It was a week before graduation. The bunch were at Jim's house around the fireplace. It was raining torrents outside and the rain howled round the house in an eerie manner. We'd been telling ghost stories, and between the wind and the flickering fire shadows were in a state of mind to believe or confess almost anything. Harry had just finished a very weird one, and we were waiting for someone to break the rather tense silence when Jean spoke from beside the fireplace. There was something so earnest in her low voice that we jumped a little. Jean was the blond, frivolous imp of the group, and for her to be earnest was startling. She spoke almost as if she were being forced.

"I'm going to tell a story. I suppose you'll laugh at me, but I know it's true. A year before I came to Varsity, mother and dad and I went to Egypt for a vacation. In Cairo, in the market, we found the usual collection of jewelry carved with scarabs, and I bought a ring from an old, dried-up little merchant. You know that a scarab is a beetle at one time sacred to the Egyptians, but now used mostly as an emblem of good-luck. The ring was merely a beetle carved in a very dull, colorless stone, fairly transparent, and was set in a plain silver mount. The little man said it was lucky—they all used that as a selling talk—but then he lowered his voice and quite mysteriously continued that I must be warned by it. He was so little and so sure of his ring that I could not laugh at him, so I acted as if I believed it. When he saw this he took the ring again and pointed out there were no eyes carved on the stone, but he said that if death threatened myself or anyone I was with two eyes would show scarlet.

"Of course I took it all as a selling line, especially after I had worn the ring for a year and never had it vary in color from the dull, colorless white. Then one night it burned red. It was in April. I had an exam the next morning, but a friend—we'll call him Bud—had asked me to go for a car ride, and it was such a lovely night I couldn't resist. I

was wearing a red dress, and when the ring showed red, decided it was caused by reflection from the dress, although it was odd that the reflection should be that shade of red. I hesitated a moment, but I was almost engaged to Bud, so I argued myself out of being a superstitious little fool, and went down quite gaily when he called.

"I found that his car had had a flat tire, and we were to ride in the rumble seat of a friend's. I was glad because the night was moonlight and softly spring. I remember we'd driven for some time and had turned to come back. The road was straight for a long way behind us, and another car had been coming for some time. It had been acting very queerly, as if the driver were inexperienced or drunk. I raised my hand to look at my watch, and the scarab caught my eye. It was glowing a deep, wine red, and there were eyes, sparkling, scarlet. I called Bud's attention to it, and we had just decided it was caused by the lights of the car behind, when there was a crash. All I can remember were clouds of pain shot through with colors, green, purple, orange. Vaguely my mind registered that there was a crowd and confusion, then finally quiet and the hospital odors.

"It was next evening before I knew much of what was going on. I found I was mostly bandaged, and that my right arm wouldn't move. At last the nurse came and talked to me—the driver of the car behind had been drunk. He'd piled the front wheels of his car into the rumble seat of ours, with Bud and I. No, the two in front were barely scratched. I waited a minute, and then asked for Bud. He'd been killed. Something made me look at the ring; it was dull, colorless, dead."

Jean's voice died out. The wind wailed outside, the firelight made long shadowy hands, groping on the walls, and we couldn't take our eyes off a dull white scarab ring on her left hand.

—PHILOMEL.

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A Sailor's Tale

By Jack Brown

As I left the shipping office I gave my cap a belligerent slant. I was tough! For hadn't I just signed on as A.B. on the twin schooner Maria. The most notorious rum-runner on the coast. And wasn't her skipper, Captain Gilbert, just as notorious as his vessel? Hadn't he outwitted the U.S. coastguard hundreds of times? The papers were always full of his exploits—and I was sailing with him on his vessel. I gave my cap a tougher slant.

Next day I shouldered my clothes bag and went aboard. I got there just in time for dinner. During dinner I had a good opportunity to look my three fo'c's'le mates over. First there was Bill, a big Newfoundland, who seemed to be the f'c's'le boss. He had the queerest accent that I have ever heard. Then Yensen, a Swede, who was quite drunk. And last, Cod-fish Mouth, as he was called by the others. I couldn't determine what nationality he was, but it is quite probable that he had considerable negro blood in him. He had the most hideous face I have ever seen on a man. They told me that the steward was a Lunenburg Dutchman, and by the sound of his voice I could quite believe them.

Before we finished dinner the bosun, Hard-case Williams, stuck his head in the fo'c's'le door and told us to get on deck, as the tug-boat was alongside to tow us out of the harbor. We piled out, and under the direction of Mr. Jenks, the mate, and the bosun we cast off.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were called aft and assigned our watches. Bill and I were in the captain's watch under the bosun. The other two were in the mate's watch. During the dog-watch the tug-boat cast off, and we set the lower sails. Being in ballast and having a fair wind, we were soon sailing along at a good speed.

As Bill and I sat on our bunks having a smoke before we turned in he told me about some of his experiences with Captain Gilbert on Rum Row. I didn't sleep any after we turned in, for I was busy thinking of the things Bill had told me and of the things I was going to do.

Two days later we met up with a tramp steamer. The captain ordered the vessel hove to and the motor boat launched. As soon as the boat was launched he and the bosun went across to the steamer and went aboard. About an hour later they returned. When the captain got on deck he ordered sea anchors put out and the hatches taken off, for we were going to take on a cargo.

After the sea anchors were put out the steamer came alongside, and we began to take on a cargo of booze. The loading process isn't quite as simple as it is when the vessel is tied up to something solid like a wharf. Here, with the roll of the Atlantic causing both vessels to bob like corks in a stream, it was hard work and dangerous work. The steamer would bring up a sling of cases on her cargo boom and lower it on our deck. Sometimes it would land safely, but more often the deck would be coming up as the sling was coming down, and the result was

(Continued on Page 6)

EDUCATION

At last, one of the dreams of my life realized! I have always wanted to write on such a profound subject as either education or prohibition, and for no reason whatever did I choose education. But, pray, do not be alarmed—this article has nothing to do with that topic except perhaps to refresh your memory with the meaning of the word. I looked it up in a noble, serious-minded looking dictionary, and here is what I found: education: "the rearing of animals." What could be more appropriate than that definition!

Now, I have gathered up some scraps of knowledge gained within this University, but which do not touch on the momentous pile of notes I seem, somehow, to have accumulated. It is an oddly sorted little bundle falling into several classes.

Of the frivolous I have learnt that for some obscure reason freshmen are expected to become enamored with their French professor or the rugby coach. But it is somewhat exhausting to live up to these expectations, be the objects of affection ever so charming.

Then, too, you are almost considered declassé if you don't recognize the members of the athletic teams when you see them. This leads to a frantic perusal of last year's Year Book and newspaper photographs. Unfortunately The Gateway has a similarity of pictures which is rather bewildering.

In the useful class, there is, alas! only one small contribution. I know where the best beer parlors in the city are. And that of course I intend to keep dark until such time as I have a secret sorrow to drown. Even then it is possible the kitchen sink will suffice. I might add to

SNICE SNOW

Really. When you

Stop. To think. There

Is. Something very.

Nice. Or something.

About snow. If you

Stop. To think. We

Mean. About snow.

There is. Nothing so

Hard. About snow.

As there is. About

Icicles. For instance.

Snowflakes are. Oh.

So soft. And nice.

Then. Did you ever.

Ever stop. We mean.

To look at. Them there

Snowflakes? Ummmm.

Like stars. In fact.

Just like these.

The Gateway

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

1931

this that I have found that it is not wise to go near Tuck when you are seeking mental relaxation.

The intellectual knowledge I have gained I consider the most worthwhile. I can now translate and comprehend free-futuristic-impressionistic-asterisked verse. The Union of Gateway Poets has my sincerest appreciation of its work. In fact, I was so intrigued by it that I went so far as to attempt some myself. I did it with greatest of care on graph paper, but I over-estimated my scale, and consequently spoiled the poem. However, the paper was not wasted—I was able to use the other side for a bridge score.

Miscellany
I know an Irish platitude. The least heard of people are the best known. That is a fact which may or may not go undisputed, but which is nevertheless true.

I have learned what the earmarks

of a poet are. But they are so very obvious I hesitate to reveal them. Suffice it to say that the Byrons within these walls are few and far between.

The road to evil is not necessarily to a very warm climate.

Elephants think more profound thoughts than men, and are able to absorb more through their ears.

Bees have sad dark eyes and are sometimes affected with heart trouble.

Thus has this animal been reared on the campus. It has gained a miscellaneous assortment of knowledge that is scarcely an adjunct to culture—hardly the embryo of a high-brow. But the outlook is broader—the mind more sophisticated—the sense of humor wiped out—the attitude more philosophical than when the animal entered University in a yellow bonnet.

—ANONYMOUS.

Spring Fever--Limp Lyrics No. 8

In the spring a young man's fancy

Turns to thoughts—you know the rest:

Mine is fed on thoughts romantic,

Turning ever to the west;

For I hear again the rumble

Of the sea against the mountains,

Where the wooded carpets slope

From fields of ice to dashing spray.

As I watch the breakers tumble

Into madly foaming fountains,

I am yearning to be up

And to the setting sun away.

Let me sink into the ocean,

Where, with other fish beside me,

I can laugh away those grim abominations—

But alas! I have a notion

That whatever woe betide me,

I must struggle with these cursed examinations.

In the spring a young man's fancy—

Oh! It's lucky I am blessed

With the hope that spring's eternal

In the college student's breast.

—JAF.

Cousin Eliza and the Meteorite

By Jack Brown

I am an inventor. Although I am not lazy, my Cousin Eliza, with whom I live, claims I am. For like all great inventors, I spend considerable time in meditation. And I find the best aid in solving a knotty problem is to recline at full length on a bed, couch or some other soft support, and close my eyes. Thus I am able to devote my whole mind to the vexing question. Through this method I have no trouble in coming to a decision, although sometimes I fall asleep. Falling asleep, however, I find is a great benefit for then the subconscious mind is brought into play. And I may say that most of my important inventions come from the subconscious mind.

Take for instance my "Aero-Grindstone." This was a veritable boon to mankind and a signpost on the road of progress. It was far ahead of the old hand-power grindstone as the modern motor-car is ahead of the horseless carriage.

And it was so simple too. I was struck dumb when it first came to me. But then all great inventions are simply the application of known laws and forces.

The day I made this momentous discovery I was lying relaxed on my bed. I had just finished reading two articles. The first one was Ben Franklin's tale about the man with an axe to grind; and the other described the construction of aeroplane propellers. After finishing these two articles I had dropped off into that semi-sleeping state which gives full reign to the subconscious mind.

The axe grinding story had affected me intensely. In my mind's eye I could see the poor boy wearily turning the handle while the perspiration dripped from his face. It was terrible. Something should be done about it. Suddenly, "propellers" flashed across my mind. Propellers to drive grindstones! The mating of the modern with the ancient for mankind's benefit! The magnitude of the idea brought me wide awake. Without moving, I threw all my mental energy into devising ways of combining the two. How could I do it?

A propeller would easily drive a grindstone—but what would drive the propeller? A motor? No, that would be ridiculous. Wind? That is it! Wind. Wind would drive the propeller: and wind is plentiful and free. Then it came to me like a flash—I could remove the turning handle of the stone and put the propeller on in its place—and I would have an "aero-grindstone." No more back-breaking toil for poor unsuspecting boys. I would be hailed everywhere as the deliverer of boyhood. And the money I would make would be immense. Every home would have its own grindstone.

The enormous financial possibilities caused me to jump off the bed and hurry in search of Cousin Eliza. Dashing into the sitting-room I found her sitting by the fire knitting. A most uncompromising figure she appeared. A white shirt-waist and a black skirt, along with steel-rimmed glasses and hair combed sharply back from a high forehead, accentuated the severeness of her features. Her pale blue eyes regarded me keenly as I made my precipitous entrance.

"Cousin Eliza," I exclaimed excitedly, "we are rich. I have just

invented a—"

"Humph," she snorted disdainfully.

"More of your tomfoolery. What is it this time? A patent bed-spring?"

I pretended not to see the innuendo.

"It is an aero-grindstone," I explained.

"The greatest boon to mankind since electricity. And it is an absolute necessity to every farmer and lumberman in Canada. Why

it—"

"Stop waving your hands and sit down," she interrupted me coldly.

Cousin Eliza is very cool, and has the irritating habit of making one feel foolish. Sometimes I think she is absolutely devoid of the milk of human kindness. However, no matter how angry I am I never ginsay her, so I sat down. To outward appearances I was as placid as she, but inwardly I was raging. If it wasn't for the fact that I was dependent on her I would have left the house in high dudgeon—and probably slammed the door.

For a few minutes we sat in silence. The only sounds being the clicking of the needles in her nimble fingers.

"Now, Henry," she said, without looking up, "now that you are over your impetuosity, will you be so kind as to enlighten me on this breath-taking invention of yours?"

Seeing that she was interested, I plunged into a detailed account. As I touched on the cruel tortures the old-fashioned grindstone imposed on boys, a rapid look crossed her face for she is an intense humanitarian.

I was quick to grasp the opportunity, and enlarged upon the theme until I had every farmer's son in the province a physical and mental wreck, due to the soul-blasting and incessant turning of grindstones.

While I was describing these cruelties, she laid aside her knitting and sat with clenched hands. When I finished she expelled a deep sigh of pent-up emotion. "John Henry," she exclaimed feelingly, "you must start work on your grindstone immediately. We can't have the youth of this province stunted intellectually and physically. Order whatever you need and charge it to me."

I could hardly repress a cheer. But somehow I managed to assume the decorous expression of an uplifter of youth, and thanked her in glowing terms.

The next day I had a large size grindstone, without the frame, and an eight-foot propeller delivered to my workshop.

My workshop is an 18x24 building located in my cousin's backyard. It possesses two large, screen-covered windows; and an ordinary sized door in the west end. To the north, and with only the thickness of the hedge between, stand our neighbor's, Mrs. Hughes, greenhouse.

As soon as I received the materials I began to construct my aero-grindstone. First, I built a frame for the stone. Then I bored a hole through the wall near the door. Through this hole I projected an old drive shaft and fastened the stone on one end and the propeller on the other. The end that carried the stone was fastened to the frame by rabbit boxes.

I had worked feverishly all day, and it was dark by the time that I

(Continued on Page 6)

JUST YOU AND I

Kwack

Just you and I,
Resting side by side,
I sitting on a stone,
You stretched prone
On a bit of hide;
Gazing into the distance, where the
soughing pines
Break the crusted clouds in vague
up-thrusted lines;
Just you and I,
Leaning against a log,
Watching the misty sky,
And the rising fog.

Just you and I,
Together, side by side,
Our minds a single thought.
Our lives a common lot,
Whatever fate betide;
Harkening the clamorous morn of
fast awaking day,
Watching the armoured sun prepare
his harmless play;
Just you and I,
Reposed against a log,
Watching the bursting sky
Beyond the miry bog.

Just you and I,
Dreaming, side by side,
Of far-off pleasant hills,
Of anxious-pleasant thrills,
When we together ride;
My hand rests on your head, and
gently strokes your hair,
And you try to smile, bereft the
while of conscious care;
Just you and I,
Reclined against a log,
Watching the eastern sky,
Just I and my dog.

The End of a Perfect Friendship

(By M.)

They had been friends, the best of friends, for years and years, but today they hated one another—did Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robinson. And it was not a hatred of the day only, but one that would last forever. As quick as a flash this hatred had sprung up between them, and was there to stay—they knew it. As these two old friends faced each other that cold March morning, they knew that they would never speak again—the friendship of years had been shattered in a moment.

On meeting in the street, their first impulse had been to greet one another enthusiastically, for Mrs. Brown had been intending ever since yesterday to enquire about little Jimmy's cold, and Mrs. Robinson had wanted to borrow that recipe for lemon jelly. Then simultaneously, each one had noticed—and with smiles frozen on their lips and neighbourly enquiries withdrawn into frigid good-mornings, they had passed each other by. They had not gone very far, however, before Mrs. Robinson turned around to make sure that her eyes had not been playing her false—and found Mrs. Brown drawing the same. Then Mrs. Robinson drew her sash collar higher about her ears, and pretending that she had turned merely to look at the Big Ben clock, walked haughtily on. Mrs. Brown, in her turn, drew up her imitation mink collar and also passed on, as if unaware of the existence of Mrs. Robinson. That had settled it. If they had not looked back, it might have been possible for them, in time, to bury their hatred and restore their friendship to its old footing—but now they could never speak to each other again.

They met once more, however, in less than half an hour—this time in Ye Exclusive Hatte Shoppe, "No Two Alike." And here we will leave them—these two old friends who had bought two identical hats, each with the assurance that there was not another even similar to it anywhere in the city. But, you would say, was it not the milliner's fault? Of course it was; they both realized this. And they knew that they would forgive the milliner, sometime; but each other, never.

A sing-song round the blazing logs of the camp fire warmed and cheered us. We soon withdrew to our tents, unpacked our sleeping bags, and "crawled in." No coaxing was required to make us fall asleep upon our balsam beds, and so sound was our slumber that we did not even dream of the cold-dip, the mountain sunrise, and the climb which we had promised ourselves for the morrow.

LIVING

A little dark and a little wait
In a lightning gloam,
A little light, and then the dark
Of the long way home.

A little laughter, a little song,
For the open road,
A little prayer, and prayer ending
Finished Life's load.

—O. R. W.

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COUSIN ELIZA AND THE METEORITE

(Continued from Page 5)

had finished. It had been my intention to try it out, but the darkness rendered this impossible, and so to prevent it from operating during the night I wedged a piece of wood between the stone and the frame.

Dinner that night was a triumphant affair. Some of my enthusiasm had been transferred to Cousin Eliza, and we discussed pleasantly on the honor and wealth that would drop on us. Probably I had better say that I talked about the wealth, for I am dependent on Cousin Eliza; while she talked about the honor, for she has plenty of money. After dinner was over we pored over the Patent Laws, and discussed the advisability of taking out patents in all foreign countries. Cousin Eliza contended that it was too expensive, while I claimed that if we were not protected the Russians would undersell us—as it was my firm intention to be the exclusive manufacturer of Aero-Grindstones. By bedtime, however, we had not come to an amicable decision, so we agreed to let the matter rest for a while.

The next morning when I awoke a stiff westerly breeze was blowing. The conditions for a trial were ideal, and I was jubilant. Dashing downstairs, I found Cousin Eliza already at breakfast. She was still in high spirits and anxious to see the Aero-Grindstone in operation. My anxiety was as great as hers, but, as I make it a rule never to miss breakfast, she had to wait until I had eaten.

As we hurried across the yard we discovered that the breeze was rapidly developing into a gale. I rubbed my hands in glee, for the more wind the more power. "Ah!" I thought, "this will be a momentous day."

On our arrival at the workshop Cousin Eliza was so warm in her praise of my ingenuity that I allowed her to remove the wooden wedge that had acted as a brake. I had intended performing this honored act myself, but her undiluted praise needed some recognition.

When the wedge was removed the stone began to slowly turn. Then, as the propeller felt the force of the wind, it revolved faster and faster, and began to jump most eccentrically.

When the stone made its first few revolutions, Cousin Eliza threw her arms around my neck and implanted a kiss on my forehead. This was the first sign of affection she had given me since my childhood days. Now when the stone began its eccentric gyrations she looked at me with a half-frightened smile. I tried to smile reassuringly, but my heart sank for I had just realized that I had no means of controlling the speed. Grabbing Cousin Eliza by the arm I dashed to the door and threw it open. The back rush of wind almost blew us off our feet. Just in time I realized that the sweep of the propeller cut across the door—another step and we would have been cut in two. Throwing Eliza back I shut and secured the door. The roar of the propeller and the pounding of the stone filled the shack so that we had to shout to each other. To add to our horror, both rabbit boxes came loose from the frame. The wind increased in violence, the propeller increased in revolutions per minute, and the stone increased in its gyrations. If it ever came off and struck us we would be instantly killed.

Seizing a board I smashed a window and attempted to crawl through, but was arrested by the screen. We were doomed. Wildly I looked around for some protection. The workbench that stretched along the south wall met my gaze. Its three-inch planks offered some security. Seizing Eliza, who was now ashen with fear, I forced her under it and crawled under myself.

Ensnared in this comparative safety, I watched the stone with dilated eyes. Behind me Cousin Eliza moaned and sobbed and prayed. Suddenly the stone freed itself from the shaft and whirled through the roof with a splintering crash. I breathed a sigh of relief. The next instant there was a great shattering of glass which struck a chill to my already frozen heart. Scrambling to my feet I hurried to the door and threw it open. The propeller, freed of its counter-weight, had hit the ground and now hung lopsided and peaceful.

As I walked out, with the crash of glass still ringing in my ears, I expected to hear an infuriated roar from the irascible Mr. Hughes. None came. Then it dawned on me that he went to the city every morning and did not return until late at night. I breathed a prayer of thanks, for there was no telling what he would do if he were present. He might even attempt, in his anger, to do me

Altitude in Mexico City

Mexico City has two kinds of "altitude." One is the legitimate geographical height of close to 8,000 feet upon which the capital is built. Located in the tropics, this altitude counteracts the generally expected warm temperature for which visitors prepare when they start on a trip to Mexico City, and keeps the thermometer at a moderate level. The other "altitude" is metaphorical. Residents of Mexico City are inclined to blame all their misfortune on the "altitude." If you feel not quite yourself, it isn't because you got out of the wrong side of the bed; it is the altitude. The altitude "affects" commerce, business and everybody's general well-being in Mexico. It is the official alibi for revolutions and evolutions, governmental or personal. The altitude is a much harassed subject. Residents, indeed, find it a most handy excuse for belated appointments and a drop on the stock market. Moreover it is entirely uncomplaining.

—Christian Science Monitor.

bodily harm. But as he was in the city and unaware of the accident I had a few hours of safety. On turning to survey the extent of the damage I was horrified. Every pane of glass in the roof was shattered and a section of the roof-tree had disappeared. The devastation could not have been more complete if it had been visited by a cyclone. It would cost hundreds of dollars to effect repairs.

Impulsively I started for the opening in the hedge that gave access to Mr. Hughes' yard, with the intention of making a more comprehensive survey of the damage. I had only taken a few steps when I realized that I was carrying some object in my left hand. Looking down I discovered that it was a stone; not an ordinary stone, but a piece of carbonaceous material. I looked at it in surprise, then I remembered that I kept a number of such specimens in a box under the workbench. In my excitement I must have seized it unconsciously. I made a motion as if to throw it away, then I changed my mind.

On entering the greenhouse a scene of indescribable destruction met my eyes. Glass was everywhere. Flowers in boxes were buried under an avalanche of glass. Flower pots were upset and broken. And here and there a flower raised its head above the debris—only survivors of a once beautiful place. In the midst of the Narcissus lay the grindstone. Looking at it lying there inert and lifeless, I could hardly believe that a few short minutes ago it was threatening my life and limb; and had caused all of this damage.

With a guilty air I picked it up—it required both hands for it was heavy—and hurried back to the workshop. There I threw it into a corner and proceeded to dismantle the propeller.

That night as I lugubriously ate my lonely supper—Eliza was in bed with nervous prostration—there came a terrific pounding on the back door. My heart beat wildly, and I had a foolish notion to hide. Summoning my courage I opened the door. My worst fears were realized, for there, his eyes glittering wildly, stood Mr. Hughes. In his right hand he carried an object which he thrust excitedly under my nose. "A meteorite! A meteorite!" he exclaimed wildly. "Found it in my greenhouse. Smashed all the glass, but I don't mind that. Wonderful! Here" (thrusting it into my hand), "look at it."

I looked at it and gave a violent start, for his meteorite was my piece of rock. "But, Mr. Hughes," I said, "this is mine. I have—"

"Yours?" he fairly howled. "Yours? It's mine! I found it in my greenhouse. And the papers are sending reporters down tonight to see it. Give it to me." And with a quick lunge he tore it from my hands and bolted through the door.

Cousin Eliza recovered in a few days, but the mere mention of grindstones is sufficient to set her off into hysterics. I still feel that my Aero-Grindstone could be made into the marvel of the century. It would only need a little concentration, but I am too busy now perfecting a collapsible step-ladder to devote any time to it.

Mr. Hughes received considerable notoriety through the newspapers, and for a few days his place was overrun with curious people. He has the meteorite in a special glass-covered box and will exhibit it on the least provocation.

A SAILOR'S TALE

(Continued from Page 5)

smashed cases and broken bottles. Our job was to lower the unbroken cases into the hold, where a crew from the steamer were stowing them. The odour was overpowering. I suddenly realized that I wasn't tough at all. Rum-running was losing its glamour. I was sick.

We finished loading at sunset and the tramp departed. We set sail and headed for Rum Row. I didn't go on watch that night, as I was still sick. Cod-fish Mouth was terribly drunk, and when he came off watch he wanted to fight with me. As he was demonstrating what he was going to do to me when I got out of my bunk, his head collided with the wall and he collapsed on the floor, and stayed there the rest of the night.

The next day the captain came forward and took all the booze out of the fo'c's'le. I didn't have any, but the others had enough to set up a good-sized bootlegging business.

In the afternoon, as I was setting the main topsail, I noticed a steamer on the starboard bow. She was travelling very fast toward us. Could it be a cutter? I swarmed down the ratlines and told the mate. He had watched it through the spyglass promptly called the captain. After glasses for some time he stated it was a U.S. cutter, and that we had better stand out to sea for a while, as cutters had the habit of sticking around any suspicious ship that was near the 12-mile limit. The cutter followed us all day, much to our discomfort. The general opinion was that if the cutter was going to stick around, how were we going to get rid of our booze. That afternoon everybody on board took a turn at cussing the U.S. coast guard from Singapore to Sandy Hook for meddling busybodies. That night and the next day they were still following us. If they kept this up we would soon be sighing the Azores. However, they seemed to become discouraged, and at nightfall the swung around and left us to continue alone. As soon as it was very dark the captain ordered about ship and we also headed back, but on a different course, so that we wouldn't be likely to run across the cutter again.

Early in the morning, two days later, as we were near the U.S. ened sail until we had only a hand-coast, it began to blow. We shortened on. As the day wore on the storm increased in its intensity, and

TORONTO VARSITY

Miss M. A. Jackson, Exchange Student From the University of Alberta, Discusses the Question of Atheism, Tells of Student Organizations and Musical Programs

9 Queens Park, Toronto, March 10, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway, University of Alberta.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Perhaps some of your readers are sufficiently interested in the University of Toronto to hear the impressions of an exchange student. The attention of many people across Canada has been directed to recent controversies in the "Varsity," the undergraduate newspaper, on the subjects of Freedom of Speech and Atheism. It is the general opinion that the University of Toronto has been badly misrepresented by the exaggerations of the newspapers. Because of the influence of the newspapers, people outside of the University throughout Ontario and most of Canada have become much more concerned about the nature of the technique in the University than the students themselves are. The subject of Atheism has been merely commented upon, then passed over by the students on their way to a new interest. Such discussions and opinions are common in any University, and for generations the universities have been accused of teaching Atheistic doctrines because there, the students live a life which enables them freely to express their ideas. "Practical atheism" is a strong term to apply to students who may not be allowing religion to play as large a part in their lives as it did at home. But I think it is true that as a class the undergraduates of any university are at least open to the right of being called agnostics, because if they are students at all they will question every belief and tradition which does

not seem compatible with the new revelations in science and psychology. They do have many doubts, and many students like to adopt the somewhat novel pose of calling themselves atheists. Their questioning is really a step in advance to a more penetrating search for truth. They need all the encouragement which can be given to them to find for themselves a satisfactory solution of their problem. There would appear to me to be evidence of more religious teaching at the University of Toronto than many other similar institutions. Many undergraduates are enrolled in the course in Religious Knowledge which extends over three years. Each of the denominational colleges have their own chapel services and other means of religious inspiration. The Students' Christian Movement and the Student Volunteer Movement are quite active and strong.

University Life

However, to leave the religious question, and come to the general life of the University. The present interest in elections. There is a great deal of campaign work organized in the electioneering. The candidates put up posters in the rotunda of the college. They also distribute blotters with their names printed on them, numbering possibly five hundred. The blotters are posted around each lecture room. On election day, the candidates distribute gum, chocolate bars and candy and other favors. The probable result is that there is more interest in the elections and a class parties, but does not depend on greater number of votes cast.

The social life is carried on through them altogether, because of the large number of fraternities and sororities.

THE SOW'S EAR

The elections are over, leaving their train of heartbreak and happiness, of elation and despondency, of wild ambitions realized, of fond hopes shattered. It will be twelve months ere our walls are again blazoned with injunctions to vote for both sides, with exhortations to do the right thing by student government in opposing ways, with vague promises of ethereal blisses, of Utopias of autonomy, of immediate (or eventual) redress of those grievances which have so long kept the body politic of our institution in a rarely perceptible turmoil—all if we support both candidates. Our old walls look bare now. Gone are the tawdry posters and the vivid banners of encouragement and hope. No more is the contemplative soul startled out of reverie by the livid faces of candidates peering anxiously and expectantly from a cheap broadside. Vandals have them all. And a good thing it is, that these wistful effigies should be removed, lest their presence haunt us, sad, bilious representations of the men who put their trust in democracy. Who knows in what dim corner of a residential chamber these insistent portraits gaze with changeless eyes on their supporters, who, clustered around the sacred image, make solemn comment on the triumph or failure of the leader.

The old Council steps down, haggard grim men of affairs, round-shouldered Atlases on whose anemic shoulders the imponderable mass of student affairs has been for seven months grinding and grinding, crushing their spirits, making them preternaturally serious, supernaturally wrathful, and naturally querulous. Theirs has been a year of crushing routine, they have ploughed along the well-worn rutty road of student government, following faithfully in the dusty tracks of their predecessors, with heads bowed so low beneath the self-assumed yoke of care that they never dragged their heavy carriage into new paths. Let us give them honor in due form. All genius cannot be creative. We need merchantmen as well as Columbus. If they have contributed nothing new, if they have done nothing original, at least they have carried on without badly stumbling, they have not lifted their load on to a higher plane, but they have held it, albeit with a steady tremulous shaking of the knees. God bless them, say we, sturdy, honest, mediocre chaps, the backbone of our government. And if they have taken their jobs too seriously, if they have been a little blind, or at least a trifle myopic, to their own faults, have they not more than compensated for that by the keen supersensitiveness of their realization of the faults of others? Have they not sought out iniquity in The

Gateway office, and found it?

And the new Council comes in, in the pride of its youth, a rosy suffusion of health mantling its cheeks, the glowing eye of courage flashing hither and yon. Here be men full of purpose, borne up by a high resolve, vigorously inspired with a higher aim. They assume the burden lightly—what is responsibility to their fresh alert manhood? How soon will they too feel the seriousness of life? How soon will they too wax senescent, and quibble over budgets, and argue stridently on petty matters of routine, until the mass of ordered petty detail smother their great vision. What will they do to better things? Their intentions are good. We wish them well, we pray for their success—and wait. We have lived. We are not young. We fear.

Pessimistically,
AREOPERIMETER.

P.S.—We have just received a missive from Commodore Ken Conibear, which we are pleased to offer to our readers (or reader, as the case may be). The original, with autograph, is to be seen in the Conibear section of the National Museum of Poughkeepsie, where a loving nation has erected an enduring monument to the fearless conquistador.

Mr. Sow,
Care of the Ear of said Sow,
Care of The Gateway,
Care of the U. of A.

Dear Sow:
I am informed that it is not in the nature of an intrepid explorer to suffer indignity without protest. And indignity I have indeed suffered. When you, sow, called upon me and my palatial sweet in Assiniboia Mansions, I frankly and disengagingly told you the details of my recent and harrowing experience, with no intention that you should submit them to the press. These, sow, were government secrets, which I could not on any account divulge, except confidentially, without express and hardly obtainable permission from the Second Sub-Committee of the Fourth Committee of the Department of Reservoirs on the Possibility of Research in Ethnological Characteristics of the Primates of Canada, of which distinguished body, sow, I have the honor to say that my Uncle (not Bill, but Freddy—not Alfred—Frederick) is the chairman, with whom, however, unfortunately, I am no longer on speaking terms. I mention this latter point, sow, not without considerable pain, but in order that you may quite understand that ability, tried and proved, rather than nepotism, has gained me the position and the honour which I owe to this committee. But what will happen, I ask you, sow, when I send The Gateway to one of my brothers on this committee, and he shows it to my aunt, the Recording Secretary, and she passes it on to cousin Harry, the treasurer, and he allows Uncle Bill, the Corresponding Secretary, to read it, and he transmits it to Jimmy Bunston, the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, who is my old college chum and also my sister's husband, and so eventually it gets into the hands of Freddy himself? Why, sir, he'll cut me off without enough tallo to feed a whoofle-snark. Therefore I protest sow, and demand public apology. Little you can do now will help me; but this at least I demand. Or, failing an adequate apology—and you know what I mean—I demand that you meet me behind the plant-pathology lab. at 7:02 a.m. Thursday, March 26, with a suitably armed assistant, a doctor, and a morgue-master. Choose your own weapons—mine will be a Yo-Yo top.

Yours in high dudgeon,
(Signed)
COMMODORE KEN CONIBEAR.
Farewell.

AREOPERIMETER.

"OUTWARD BOUND"

(Continued from Page 3)

grayed an inexperience which she will remedy in later work.

The most uniformly successful performances of the evening were given by Dorothy Riley as Mrs. Cliveden-Banks and Margaret Kinney as Mrs. Midgett. The latter was a triumph of make-up, from her unspeakable boots to her missing front teeth. Her characterization rang very true, and with a fine consistency; she was acting, and yet not over-acting, all the time. In Dorothy Riley's presentation of the inane, selfish, snobbish Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, the evening's height was probably reached. Her performance would have been acceptable on a professional stage judged by the standards applied to professionals. It was a high-class rendition of the type of an utterly shallow, egotistic and slightly corrupt feminine nature, and nothing summed up all its infernal pettiness more than that inane laugh with which she attempted to carry off her snobbish and conventional. A most capable performance.

The stage setting was rather crude; we don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but it was just that. The direction of the play was evidently most competent; those of us who knew the play went prepared for the worst, only to find out that Mrs. Elizabeth Haynes had given us something near the best. Miss Kathleen Marshall's pianoforte playing in the action intervals was spontaneous and graceful.

M. Y. PHELAN.

that all the advantages of the Exchange Student system are for the one who is fortunate enough to be that student. Mr. Burns, the Secutive Council in the University, assures me that there will be plenty of opportunity for the Exchange Student to contribute to the life of their own University when they return. I hope that the students of my own University will not hesitate to make use of me when I return, so that the purpose of the exchange will be realized.

May I offer congratulations to the organizations which have been responsible for the success of the opera, "The Bohemian Girl," and the play "Outward Bound," also to those who have won athletic honors for our University.

Sincerely,
MARY A. JACKSON.

Since coming to Toronto, it seems

FOR TAXI PHONE 24444

Students of Class '31

And all others who will not be returning to the University next year!

Don't let your interest in University affairs cease with graduation! Get the latest campus news at first hand through the columns of The Gateway, and do your part in the up-building of an informed and appreciative public opinion on University matters which is of vital importance to the future growth and progress of this institution.

The Gateway will be mailed to you anywhere for only \$2.00 for the entire 1931-32 session. You may pay when subscribing if you wish; otherwise you will receive a bill in due course of next year.

Hand in your name and address to Bill Strome at The Gateway office, as soon as conveniently possible.

"Keep in touch with your Alma Mater through The Gateway."

JUNIOR LEAGUE "STREET TALK"

The Fashion-Thrift Shop

Inaugrates a New Era of Low Prices on Smarter, Finer Frocks for Women, Misses and Junior Misses

Isn't most everybody trying to be thrifty these days? Aren't you? Well, the Fashion Thrift Shop is right in line with your efforts to practice economy in your dress allowance. Economy, of course, that does not sacrifice good style, good materials, or good workmanship.

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EDMONTON CANADA

SUPERIORS DEFEAT TRAIL SQUAD 3-2

Sups Take Series by 6-5 Score to Annex Championship of Alberta and B.C.—Graham and Stuart Star

Last night saw the Edmonton Superiors take the Trail Smoke-eaters down the line to the tune of 3-2 in a hard-fought game at Trail. The Sups held Trail to a 3-3 tie on Monday night, and as a result of this victory they are now in possession of the championship of Alberta and British Columbia. They look good for the Allen Cup, and the best wishes of all of us shall be with them in their battle for premier honors of the hockey world.

The Superiors crashed into the lead shortly after the game started, when Jimmy Graham, their star centre man, took the puck from the face-off and drifted through the whole Trail team to beat Garland with a sizzling shot. This gave the Superiors the confidence they needed, and from that time on the Trail squad had a tough bunch of lads to handle. The game waged fast and furious, with Trail pressing hard, but Don Stuart, in the Sups' net, was too much for them. With but a few minutes to go in the first frame, Graham robbed Wheatley of the puck and went in fast on the Trail defence. He fooled Anderson with a fake shot, and drove a hot one past Garland.

The second period was productive of as fast hockey as graced the initial canto. There was no scoring in this session, with Trail pressing hard and giving Stuart plenty of work to do. The third period was frantic. Trail had the advantage in this period, when the Sups had two men off. They scored two goals in about as many minutes, and things began to look bad for the Sups. Trail threw caution to the winds and put all their efforts towards evening the count. They came down on the Superior citadel time and again, but to no avail—Stuart being too good for them. This lad certainly turned in a fine game for the Superiors, earning for himself the name of "the best goalie in Western Canada."

For the Superiors, Graham and Stuart played the best game, with the back-checking of Walker and Buster Brown being a treat to be-

hold. All members of the Trail outfit played well, but they were weak on combination.

The players lined up as follows:
Superiors: Stuart; Smith and Hills; Graham, Crossland and Walker; Brown, Gillies and McMillan.
Trail: Garland; Anderson and ley; Molisky, Rendall and Jordon.
Referees: Clarence Campbell and Pete McIntyre.

ATHLETIC BANQUET ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT

The annual Athletic Banquet will be held this year on Wednesday, Mar. 25, in Athabasca Lounge, at 8:15 p.m. The Athletic Executive ask for a large attendance. The year has been a notable one in the history of University Athletics and the officials and players of the various teams are very proud of the success they have attained. The Athletic Banquet should be attended by every sport fan and player on the campus. The Athletic Awards for the year will be given out, and there will be several other interesting features.

B.C. HOOP SQUAD TAKES RIGBY CUP

Blue and Gold Cagers Win Second Game 28-18 to Annex Inter-collegiate Championship

The B.C. basketball team defeated the Green and Gold quintet last night to win the Rigby cup. By virtue of this victory and their 21-18 win last Monday, the B.C. boys won the series by the score of 49-36. The game was fast and well played, with the coast aggregation in the lead at all times.

The B.C. lads got away to a flying start and had the Alberta boys bottled up for the first half, which ended with Alberta on the small end of a 23-6 score. During the second half, wishing to save their men for the crucial game against the Adanacs, the coast collegians played their substitutes. Varsity came to life at this time, and outscored the coast squad 12-5, but this was insufficient, the B.C. boys taking the game 28-18.

The Teams
Alberta: Donaldson (5), Shandro (1), G. Keel (3), M. Keel (7), Pullishy (2), Matkin, Carscallen, Killick, Fenerty—total, 18 points.
B.C.: Henderson (10), Chapman, Osborne (6), Armstrong, Lee (4), Tervo (4), Campbell (6), Alpen (2), Nicholson (5), Simpson—total, 28 points.

B.C. HOOP SQUAD DEFEATS ALBERTA

Green and Gold Hoopers Hold B.C. to Close Win 21-18

The B.C. boys defeated our senior cagers to the tune of 21-18 in the first contest for the Rigby trophy, emblematic of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Senior Basketball championship. The B.C. team had formerly defeated the Adanacs, last year's Dominion champions, two straight games, and the odds were all in favor of B.C. However, the Alberta quintet showed unexpected strength, and held the Blue and Gold lads to a narrow three-point lead.

It was a very tight game, with Alberta jumping into the lead. They started strong, and led the scoring 7-3 until halfway through the first half of the game. B.C., however, managed to get going, and at half-time they were up 9-11.

The second half was productive of fine basketball, both teams fighting hard to gain the lead. Varsity barged ahead in this session, to lead 18-15, but Mert Keel and Carscallen were lost to them on account of four fouls apiece. B.C. took advantage of Alberta's weakened condition and won out 21-18.

The Teams
Alberta: Donaldson (4), Shandro (5), Keel (5), Pullishy, M. Keel (4), Fenerty, Carscallen, Killick, Keel; 18 points.
B.C.: Henderson (2), Lee, Tervo (6), Campbell (8), Allen (1), Nicholson (3), Chapman (1), Simpson, Armstrong; 21 points.

THANK YOU!

I wish to take this opportunity to thank those who have contributed so materially in helping with the News department of this paper during the past term. Amongst those who have done especially fine work are Miss E. Forryan, Miss M. Moore, Mr. Jim Binney, Mr. J. McKillican, Mr. H. Prevey, and Mr. Sanborn. May I express the hope that these able reporters will continue to lend their support next year.

A. M. CAIRNS,
News Editor.

Dreamers

There is born every now and again among us a dreamer who is (blessedly) oblivious of time-tables and market reports; who has been thinking of the rustling of the corn, not of its price. It is he, if we do not hurry him out of his dream, who will sound the ideal note to our hurly-burly and bustle of affairs. He may never discover a town site, but he will create new worlds for us to live in.—Kate D. Wiggins, in University of Western Ont. Gazette.

SEC. MEN'S ATHLETICS



F. J. "SKIV" EDWARDS

Who was elected by acclamation to the position of Secretary of Men's Athletics for the coming session.

THANKS. PROOFREADERS

I wish to thank those who have assisted in the proofreading during the past year. The standard in this regard has been high throughout the year due to the help and co-operation of the proof-readers.

WILBUR F. BOWKER,
Managing Editor.

THANKS

The News Editor wishes to convey his heartfelt thanks to the person who so thoughtfully left one cigarette (complete) and one match (also complete) in The Gateway contribution box. I may say that if it had not been for this invaluable contribution, I would have had to go without a cigarette all day. May I recommend the habit to the other members of the Students' Union? I am all for it.

NOTICE

All executives of Students' Union organizations are requested to call at the office between March 23 and 28, in order to complete the business for the year in connection with their respective societies.

All bills outstanding against the Union must be submitted at that time.

S. V. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Tea Trade Conditions

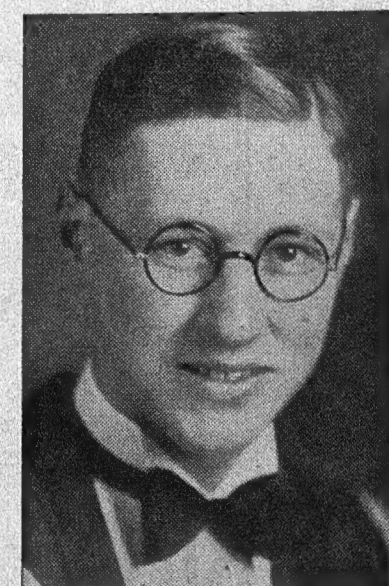
In comparison with most other commodities, writes a correspondent of the London Times Trade Supplement, tea has had a steady market during the long period of general trade depression, but since the opening of this year considerable irregularity has occurred, caused in some measure by the fact that much of the leaf submitted to auction has been of a plain, uninteresting kind. Consequently there has been a heavy fall in prices. Many thousands of chests are being sold at less than the cost of production.

It is apparent that the scheme for the restriction of production was not drastic enough, for it has done little to reduce the heavy stocks which have for so long burdened the London market. India and Ceylon have agreed to continue restriction for another year, with certain modifications, and the Dutch East India growers will also maintain the scheme subject to the buying of native tea being no longer restricted. It is unfortunate that most of this tea will be of only medium quality, thus serving to prolong the period of glut in London. There is always a demand for the finer qualities of leaf, but in present circumstances growers get little encouragement to produce the best qualities.—Commercial Intelligence Journal.

SCONA HIGH ALUMNI

Alumni of Strathcona High School will be interested to learn that the Executive has planned a Spring-time Dance, to be held in the Strathcona High School Assembly Hall on Saturday, April 4, at 8:30 p.m. Many former students from out of town are expected to be present.

PRESIDENT DEBATING



C. N. "PETE" TINGLE

Who was acclaimed as President of the Debating Club. Pete is in Law, an ardent debater, and a member of last year's Inter-varsity team.

Youth Movement Is Topic Of Address By Mueller

Noted American Scholar and School Director Gives Illustrated Lecture Here—Reviews Growth of Movement

"The Youth Movement in Germany" was the subject of a very interesting and instructive lecture given in Convocation Hall at 8:00 o'clock on Friday evening by Dr. Mueller, well known scholar and school director from the Rhineland.

In introducing the speaker, Dr. Wallace said that the National Council of Education has had speakers from various parts of the English-speaking countries, but seldom have had the privilege of hearing one from a country on the continent.

Dr. Mueller is in charge of a girls' school in Germany. He has been an exchange professor to this country. When on a visit to

Vancouver he was invited to come to Canada to give a series of lectures under the auspices of the National Council of Education. Dr. Mueller has followed the Youth Movement very closely since its inception.

"The Youth Movement has had an interesting and significant history," said Dr. Mueller in beginning. Continuing, the speaker told of the reason for the formation of this movement. In 1890 four-fifths of the people in Germany were in the country. In 1900 the relative number in the country compared to the cities had greatly changed. With the increase in the city population grew new problems. In 1895 the Youth Movement started as a protest against the city life. This movement was started among students and high school pupils. Their idea was to get back to nature; they went out into the country and rediscovered the folk songs and costumes that had been forgotten by the people in the cities. They lived simple and happy lives. This movement was in many respects like the movement in France in the closing years of the 18th century, a movement that had for its object the return to the simple life of the country.

These youths in the Movement tried to become leaders of a new generation, leaders in the physical as well as the mental. Under wise professors they were guided in the right direction. Hikes were organized, groups would travel as much as 500 miles over a period of 7-8 weeks, and could do it at cost of \$10. One of these hikes was to Vienna. When they saw the castles in that city and realized the relative importance of them all in international affairs, they conceived the idea that a greater movement might arrive. Another thing that developed out of this was a new companionship between professors and scholars.

In such an organization it is only natural that mistakes would be made.

Some indeed were made, but were mostly confined to mistakes in organization. One time at Leipsig a conference was held to discuss the harm done by films. When the delegates came to the theatre they found that over two-thirds of the seats were already taken by people hired by the moving picture producers. The meeting of course was a failure. In the course of time, too, there were those who got into the movement who should not have been there. Then there were those who should have retired from an active to an advisory capacity, but who insisted in trying to keep young. These facts, however, do not alter the value of the work done by the movement. Today that period is referred to as the 'Goldmine of the Fatherland.'

This movement divides itself naturally into five divisions. The first was 1895-1900. This was the time of the Aristocrats, but not aristocrats in the ordinary sense of the word—they were the intellectual leaders. What they did then was the pioneering work in the movement. The next nine years was the period of the announcers. Some teachers showed what could be done by creating a new institution for training. A country home school was founded, which was really a boarding school. In these schools there was development in the mental as well as the physical. From a group of 2,000 of these students in 1913 grew up an idea that there was in this movement much opportunity for constructive ideas on life. This group saw possibilities beyond the bounds of their own countries, and it is a pity that the feeling could not have been stronger and strengthened by others at that time.

The third period was from 1918-1920. This was the revolutionary period of the movement. In this period there were many sad experiences; among them was the introduction of communist ideas from

Russia. In the five years after 1920 there was a period of philosophical thought, characterized by inward consolidation and outward retreat. Ever since 1925 there has been growing up a religious aspect to the educational side of the movement. The effect of this movement was that a new idea of sport grew up. Today gymnastics are a part of the school curriculum. More than 90 per cent. of the school children can swim as a result of this nationalizing of sport.

A second result was the establishment of a compulsory hiking day. One day each month the children go out into the country, and besides getting an idea of the geography of their own country, they learn something of its history and economic life. For the older students there are railway excursions—the nights are spent in youth camps at a cost of from 5-10 cents. The speaker had himself taken such a 10-day trip at a total cost of \$2.50. These excursions created new comradeship between teachers and pupils. The old gap between professors and students had gone. Members of the faculty were comrades of the students and took a leading part in their activities. There has been shown to be an upward trend of the standard of education in the last few years. That the standard is not low is shown by the great amount of language work done in the schools. Students have not only a reading, but a speaking knowledge of other languages than their own.

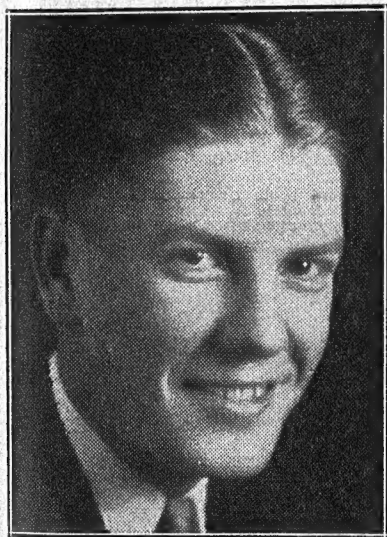
Pupils from other countries were brought in to the towns and kept in barracks used during the war. These pupils were welcomed by the whole town to which they came, and as a result of the visit they went back to their homes with new ideas about and understanding of their neighboring nations.

The year 1925 is an important one in German history. Their first president died, and Hindenburg with the greatest of unselfishness came to Berlin to use his genius in the interests of peace. Hindenburg united the old and the new. On Oct. 2, 1927, he was 80 years old. The day was declared a national holiday, but he wanted no honor of any kind; all he asked was to have a meeting with the children, where he told them to forget the old troubles and look forward to a new country. Thus a principle of youth movement is a better understanding among the nations. "It is too bad that the influence of the youth movement has not been greater," said Dr. Mueller. "The world war was the greatest catastrophe that the world has ever seen. It must not be repeated."

After his address, Dr. Mueller showed moving pictures of some of these groups in training under physical culture methods. These proved to be of great interest and were highly commended.

On behalf of the meeting Dr. Wallace extended to Dr. Mueller warm appreciation of his address.

ARTS REPRESENTATIVE



BILL WHEATLEY

Who was elected to be the Arts Representative on the new Council over Bill Roxburgh by a slim majority.

COUNCIL DECIDES AGAINST OFFICIAL

Honoraria for Secretary of Union, Treasurer of Union, Editor of Gateway and Director of Year Book Abolished

(a) Call to Order:

The Students' Council met in the Athabasca Lounge at 7:15 p.m., March 16, 1931, President Harding in the chair.

(b) Minutes:

Motion: That the minutes be adopted as read. Carried.

(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That the report on the proposed Students' Union permanent, paid official, be accepted. Carried.

2. Motion: That, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee on the permanent, paid official, the present system of honoraria as provided for the Secretary of the Union, the Treasurer of the Union, the Editor of The Gateway, and the Director of the Year Book be abolished. Carried.

3. Motion: That, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee on the permanent, paid official, we do not think it feasible to employ a full-time, paid Students' Union official. Carried.

4. Motion: That this Council recommend that next year's Council investigate a negative and positive point system in connection with the literary and dramatic activities, and that Mr. C. Jackson act on this committee. Carried.

5. Motion: That the University Orchestra be permitted to purchase stands and equipment to the amount of \$150.00. Carried.

6. Motion: That the report on the duplication of points in making awards for Literary, Athletic and Dramatic activities be accepted. Carried.

7. Motion: That the appointment of Mr. Adhead as Returning Officer be ratified. Carried.

(d) Adjournment:
Motion: That this meeting adjourn. Carried.

MEN!

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SPORTS



A Review of Sport

By "Skiv" Edwards

We are nearing the end of the term now, and, as we look back, we do so with mixed feelings. Some thing we have done leave us with pleasant thoughts; others—well, we do not think long of them. One thing that we can look back and think pleasantly on is sport. During the past term the University has been very successful in practically all lines of sport—not that this is at all unusual. But this year the spirit of the University seems to have shown itself in our representatives on field, cinder path, basketball floor and on ice. They have shown fine sporting spirit on all occasions, whether they have won or lost. This, we all know, is the prime requisite in all sport, and we are indeed pleased to see it manifested to such a degree in our teams.

Much credit is due to Nelson Gourlay, President of the Men's Athletic Association, and Clarence Cook, Secretary of that same organization, for the fine work they have done this term. These two have devoted their time and effort without stint to the furtherance and bettering of sport within our University and between ours and our sister institutions. Not only have they boosted sports this

year, but they have made steps towards the placing of interfaculty sport on a firmer basis for next year. Women's athletics, as well, have flourished under the able direction of Ethel Barnett and Helen Mahaffy, President and Secretary respectively, of the Women's Athletic Association.

Rugby

The Rugby team, during the past term, had a hard row to hoe. The season opened with a fine squad out, and the prospects were for a merry year. However, their schedule ne-

cessitated that they play two games a week for the first three weeks. This was a very unfortunate circumstance, forcing Coach "Bud" Morgan to drill the team in signal practice in preparation for these games, and the clipping and plunging practices were forced to be set aside. Later in the season, however, the team settled down to more uniform training and certainly showed up well under the able direction of Bud Morgan. As things look now, we feel sure of a good team next year, and will be out to take everyone into camp. It is believed that Bud Morgan will be with us again next year. We hope he will have a better schedule to work on next fall.

Interfaculty rugby came through with a bang again this year. The league was composed of three teams—Ag-Arts-Com, Pharmedent, and the Engineers. Pharmedent had much trouble in fielding a team, and ended up on the tail end of the league. A three-game game playoff was staged between Ag-Arts-Com and the Engineers, the former clinching the glory by the narrow margin of one point. The weather held up the league to quite an extent this year, but the schedule was finished in good time. Prospects are better for next year. We understand the Men's House Committee has purchased three dozen sweaters for interfaculty hockey and rugby use. A movement is on foot at present to supply interfaculty rugby with a large number of shoulder pads and pants. This will indeed encourage interfaculty rugby, and we can look forward to a big league next year.

Track

The Track teams, under the able management of Josie Kopta and Jack McLurg, have brought fame to our University this year. The veteran coach, Bill Tait, had charge of both teams, and he certainly turned out two winners. The men's team copped the Cairns cup in the intercollegiate meet here last fall. Not satisfied with this, young Frank Richards stepped out and took for himself the individual championship of the meet. The girls duplicated the feat of the men's team, winning the Rutherford trophy. Ethel Barnett, by virtue of

FLYING FRESHMAN



FRANK RICHARDS

Freshman track star, who copped the individual track championship at the Intercollegiate meet last fall.

her fine performance, annexed the women's individual championship, and one Josie Kopta up and broke the Dominion record for the discus. Truly, the Track Club has had a very successful year, and we are justly proud of them.

Hockey

This year hockey came into its own. For some years the Varsity team has ended up in the cellar of the Senior City League, and there seemed little hope of our ever having a team again. But, thanks to the boys and the able coaching of Chris Fridfinnson, we came back strong this year. Due to the efforts of Bill Meadows, the popular manager of hockey, the team turned back a substantial profit to the Students' Union coffers. It is indeed true that our hockey team did not win any championship, but the fine fight they put up and the spirit of good sportsmanship that they showed, has placed them high in our estimation. The intermediate team, under the management of Eric Austin, was not a very great success. The boys never had a

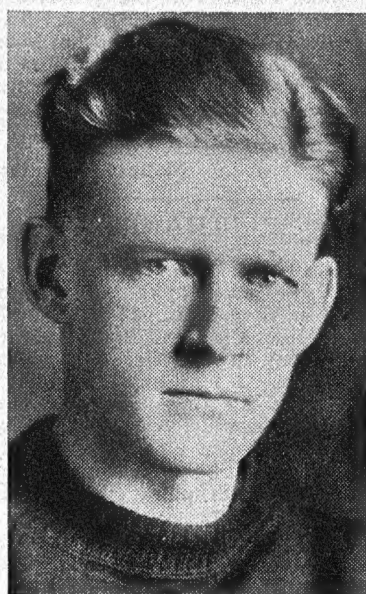
ATHLETIC NOMINATIONS

W. A. Meadows, President of the Men's Athletic Association, has called for nominations for the following offices: Vice-President of the Men's Athletic Association, President of the Rugby Club, President of the Football Club, President of the Hockey Club, President of the Basketball Club, President of the Track Club, President of the Baseball Club, President of Swimming Club, President of Boxing and Wrestling Club, President of Tennis Club, Manager of Interfaculty Hockey, Manager of Interfaculty Rugby, and Manager of Interfaculty Basketball.

Nominations must be in writing, signed by the nominator, and must be handed in to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Men's Athletic Association by 12 o'clock noon, Wednesday, March 25, 1931.

FRANK J. EDWARDS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

SCORING ACE



"JAWN" DORSEY

Varsity's flashy centre, who led the senior league scoring list this winter. We will look for "Jawn" next year.

coach, and were thus handicapped. However, we were glad to notice that any team that defeated them did so with a very small margin.

This year has been one of the best as far as interfaculty hockey is concerned. The ice has not been in good shape all winter, but, neverthe-

less, the league was finished off well. There were four teams in the league, and there was a tight race for leadership—that is, with the exception of Ag-Com-Law, who couldn't seem to hit their stride. The league ended with a five-game playoff series between the Engineers and the Meds, the Meds winning out 3-2 in an overtime game. With the new sweaters next year, there will be a greater interest in our great national game. Much credit is due to Harvey Fish, who took Ralph Fraser's position as head of the league when that gentleman broke his foot, for the success of interfaculty hockey this year.

Swimming

There was a greater interest in swimming this year than there ever has been before, the membership of the club having doubled that of the previous year. The Swimming Club, under the direction of Ted Baker, had the use of the Y.W.C.A. pool every Tuesday night. They were unable to stage an inter-year swim meet this year, but a team was sent to Saskatchewan to do battle with their splash and gurgle outfit—in which meet Varsity was badly beaten. We have no reason to feel badly over this on account of the fact that swimming is rated as a senior sport in Saskatchewan.

Basketball

The hoop artists have had a good year, under the management of C. Hewson, Al McGill and Vada McMahan. However, most of the credit

(Continued on Page 10)

Now that the style dictators have decreed that green shall be the fashionable color for men's clothes this spring, Dad may be able to make some good use of that old black suit hanging in the hall closet.—Christian Science Monitor.

FOR TAXI PHONE 24444

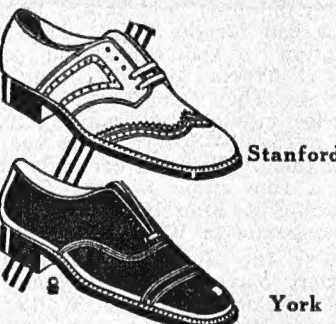
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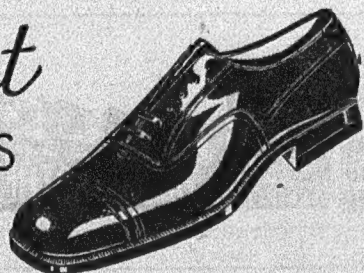
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POT POURRI

Comments on Alberta's New Weekly, Anti-Red Propaganda,
Television Broadcasts—The Communist Takes Reluctant
Leave of His Readers

By Percival Hodnut

Welcome, Alberta Review!
We wish to add our feeble voice to the chorus welcoming the advent of the "Alberta Review," particularly as the latter is edited by a U. of A. graduate and is contributed by several U. of A. men and women (graduate and undergraduate).

The general appearance of the paper—page plan, type, and quality of paper—appeals to us in large measure. None of it is hard on the eyes, which statement cannot be frequently applied to at least one local and several other dailies and weeklies. In regard to material, we are particularly pleased by the absence of political hokum: we hope you are not too horrified to learn that we generally discard those papers which inform us for indefinite periods of an indefinite corner in an indefinite locale, around which corner an indefinite prosperity is coyly waiting. The editor of the Review assures us that his paper will remain politically neutral—a slap in the face for those old die-hards who still do not understand why anyone, much less a newspaper editor, should refrain from the pleasant pastime of expressing rabid political views ("My party, right or wrong!"). Knowing Mr. MacKenzie, we also can assure readers that a party bankroll will not change his policy.

Bon voyage, Ken.

Paper Does Russian Business
It is amusing to note the sly manner in which Canadian (and other) papers are conducting the now-popular anti-Red story sequence. That old offender, the Edmonton Journal, is now finding a rich propaganda source in the life stories of local janitors, store-keepers, night watchmen, and the like, who were millionaires, barons, generals, princes, and whatnot, in those good old days before the Revolution. ("Please don't tell my name or where I work. My fifty-fourth cousin on my mother's side is still in Russia and would be killed if you told my name.")

The honor of a two-column headline is given to each of these stories, so that you can't miss them. We are not told what tales have been taken to verify the steps set forth; that's a minor detail, no doubt, and only a congenial idiot would expect a reporter to labor diligently on behalf of truth in a mere local news item.

Altogether, the policy of the Journal is in glaring contrast with its daily-reiterated statement of the aim "to be an independent, clean newspaper in public service." (We will be told by honest souls that a declared course of action not followed merely indicates that the "aim" was difficult of attainment due to certain opposing circumstances. Others will indulge a flair for circumlocution by vindicating the propaganda as a part of "public service." Our dogmatic belief to the contrary will stand in both cases.)

Television Programs on Tap
We give you our conception of what a television program of the near future will be like. This conception is based on certain radio programs we have listened to from well-meaning enough stations:

A turn of the dial on our Super-Synchro Funnimug brings in the features and voice of Reginald Bilgeblah, talented announcer of the key-station in the Television Sky-blue Pink Network. Reginald is seen furtively wiping traces of Clear-em's Mouth Wash (indicated by bottle in his hand) from his face. He straightens up for his preliminary announcement:

"Good evening, my friends. This visual program is sponsored by Clear-em, Inc., over Station WHYZ. As you all know, Clear-em Incorporated are the manufacturers of Clear-em's Cleansing Mouth Wash, used by men and women in public life everywhere (in fact, you caught your announcer using it when you tuned in on this broadcast). This Wash produces contented students wherever it is used by university professors, and it is a striking fact that 90 per cent. of the nation's Olympic heroes train on Clear-em's Mouth Wash ('The Taste Teases')."

"And now we come to our entertainment. Tonight we have with us the Scintillating Slipper Slappers from the tap-dancing scene in the musical play, 'Oh, Shaw!'—a comedy

of errors now playing on Broadway. The Slipper Slappers will now turn on the taps."

(Interlude in which snappy chorus tap dances, with Reginald in the background drinking from a large bottle with the words "Clear-em's Mouth Wash" in evidence on the side nearest the television.)

Doing Time

Later: "Reginald Bilgeblah again, folks. Now before introducing our next feature, we will show you the correct time as broadcast through the kind permission of the copyright owners, Messrs. Pholeem and Skinnum, financial experts. These experts are prepared to handle all your loose change. Please note the time. The clock used in this feature is manufactured by the Kraschze Bangge Chronometer Company of Little Oozlefoozle, Wisconsin. The builders have done time longer than any other clockmakers in Wisconsin. Their product is sold on tick in all the principal cities of the United States. Look for the Black Hand on every clock."

"The Clear-em Mouth Wash program is continued by a solo on the musical wagon tongue by Mr. Morris Fietzelbaum, of Podunk Centre. You will note that Mr. Fietzelbaum always uses Clear-em's before starting a recital."

(Mr. Fietzelbaum manages to get about half of his portly frame in view of the television and contributes his part in the night's murder.)

Later: "Now, folks: we are sure you have enjoyed this presentation of WHYZ. Let the sponsors hear from you, either by telephone or by card. A similar program will be broadcast at the same time next week. Meanwhile, remember that although (in the words of Matthew Arnold), 'It is better to have halitosis than no breath at all,' no life is complete, no man or woman can reach outstanding business or social success, without the use of Clear-em's Cleansing Mouth Wash. And now Reginald Bilgeblah bids you all—Goodnight-iyht!"

(Our receiver blows a fuse as Reggie's farewell is given.)

A Sad Farewell

Percival Hodnut likewise bids you farewell, with a perhaps sentimental but sincere hope that his column in The Gateway has afforded some slight diversion during the publishing period 1930-31. With a heart-rending sob, an enormous lump in his throat, and gloomy fears for an empty summer through not having "Pot Pourri" to write, Percival says: "Adios."

ENGINEERS GATHER SOLEMN CONCLAVE

Fleming Speaks on "Amateur Transmission in Radio"—Election Speeches

The Engineers had an opportunity to hear from the various office seekers of the E.S.S. last Friday, at the Society's regular meeting.

Eric Austin and Jack Batson, who are contesting the Presidency of the society, spoke briefly, outlining their plans if elected. Jack Dale, who was elected to the vice-presidency by acclamation, did not speak. Nor did the two rivals, A. P. Olive and W. Orr, who are out for the secretary-treasurer'ship. McLean and Gale both gave a few words as to their ambitions regarding the Council for the coming year.

Following the campaign speeches, the main address was given by Don Fleming, choosing as his topic, "Amateur Transmission in Radio." In his opening remarks, Mr. Fleming stated that he had done his best throughout the paper to avoid technicalities which would be puzzling to the bulk of his hearers. Amateur transmission is now an established institution, he stated, and was proving invaluable in numerous cases of emergency. It was a highly developed hobby, which had a spontaneous start shortly after Marconi did his pioneer work in the field. The development during the early years was slow, but by 1910 had acquired a fair following, especially in the United States.

He outlined the salient improvements in transmission apparatus, starting with the coherer, then the crystal sets and the three electrode tubes. Spark transmitters were used in the earlier part of the game and required a very high expenditure of power. Only long wave lengths were used by the amateurs in those times.

All amateur transmission was stopped during 1917 to 1919, due to the influence of the war. With the removal of restrictions the air very quickly became congested, due to the sudden enthusiasm of amateurs all over the world. Finally it became necessary to limit all amateur transmission to various of the short length waves, and this was found to prove eminently satisfactory.

Descriptions of the apparatus and the procedure then followed, as well as a number of slides showing cards from various transmission stations and photographs of the stations themselves.

Professor Percy Corbett, Dean of the Law faculty at McGill, has traced the growing effect of public opinion in Canada on external affairs. Previous to the World War, says Dean Corbett, the masses were content to leave this matter to diplomats, but post-war disclosures of diplomatic incapacity have made them anxious to share, if not control, the dictation of Canada's foreign policies.

STOP PRESS NOTICE

Mr. Wilberforce Bowker, of Bowker, Bowker and Bowker, Ponoka lumber barons, stated why he could not run for the presidency of the Wauneita Society in the current Students' Union elections. His statement was given in a low voice tense with emotion, tense with the well-known product of Mr. Wrigley (who lives in Chicago, by the way).

Despite his affiliation with Bowker, Bowker and Bowker, Ponoka lumber barons (which affiliation has been mentioned before), Mr. Bowker found it out of the question to find a suitable plank for campaign purposes. This the least of his troubles, however. Mr. Bowker has been advised by an eminent neurologist that his nerves (Mr. Bowker's nerves, that is) are in no condition to withstand the wear and tear of an election. Only the most careful regard for himself can save Mr. Bowker from the full effects of a harrowing experience undergone while on a visit to Fort Smith, N.W.T. We give you Mr. Bowker's own account of the affair:

"I scarcely know how to begin. Merely thinking of that horrible event produces gooseflesh. Yet—IT MUST be told. Who knows, the telling may repair the damage—may stop those severe palpitations of the patella which visit me nightly. Listen:

"It happened while I was visiting down North last summer. The weather was lovely—buttercups and lilies, potatoes and cabbages were in full and glorious blossom; the grass was of a green not exceeded even in Ould Ireland; Indian children ran hither and thither, only stopping at intervals to pick mosses and muk-luks from the trees—in short, Nature was painting a picture of idyllic beauty. Beauty by day, but—came the night. And mosquitoes—

"Now, I've seen some funny things in my time, but Fort Smith mosquitoes beat anything in my previous experience. The sight of two of these creatures bearing down on me led to a convulsive terror on my part which spread to everyone in the vicinity. My guides fled in terror, knowing that rifles are useless against the Heebijibi mosquito. I feverishly looked about for a possible means of escape, but I seemed fated to provide a meal for the horrible insects.

"Suddenly I thought of climbing beneath some huge iron cauldrons which had been left there by a brewing company which had gone broke when the Eskimos swore off drinking anything but seal oil. Imagine my dismay when I beheld the huge beaks of the foe penetrating the thick walls of my supposed sanctuary! I was scared, all right.

"Luckily, I had brought my sledgehammer underneath the cauldrons. I quickly rivetted each monster to the kettles by bending over their beaks with my hammer and the darn things flew away with those cauldrons!

"The shock of that experience has

Twenty Years Ago

The Gateway, March, 1911

Mock Parliament.—The mock parliament was formally opened on March 3rd by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. F. S. McCall officiated in that office. Mr. R. H. Dobson occupied the speaker's chair, while Mr. Jidley acted as clerk of the house. The attendance was not very large, but nevertheless a great deal of business was enacted.

The Gateway, March, 1911

English Department.—In the English department, Dr. Broadus is offering a prize of fifteen dollars in books, suitably inscribed, or cash, as the winner desires, to the student of the nineteen fourteen class handing in the best original short story. The prize story will be published in our April number, the last issue of the current year.

Professor (to rotund junior)—Why are you so sure there is no such thing as the fourth dimension?

Rotund Junior (disconsolately)—Because, if there was, I'd be sure to have it.

The Gateway, March, 1911

The World at Large.—German politics have been dull for an unusually long time. The only excitement has been provided by the proposed bill conferring upon Alsace-Lorraine certain phases of self-government. The bill no doubt seemed to the Emperor and his chancellery an act of grace just this side of divine, but the prospective recipients of the Imperial blessing think the gift niggardly. The suggested constitution being a dilution of the very dilute democracy of Germany at large. The measure has, however, been so badly mauled in committee by Reichstag that it will probably be withdrawn by the government. Another sermon from the Kaiser should be due soon. Meantime, England can be imagined smiling at Germany's "Home Rule" problem.

The Gateway, March, 1911

Wauneita Club.—On Monday, February 27th, the Wauneita Club left the Collegiate Institute at three o'clock for what proved to be a most enjoyable sleigh drive. The weary expression caused by over-application to work began to fade, and a look of expectancy took its place. Good fortune smiled on everything, the weather was fine, the roads were good, and everybody was in the best of spirits. Great difficulty was experienced in procuring a driver, but at last an individual was found who met with the approval of every member of the club, and whose moral courage was equal to the occasion. A fitting conclusion to the after-

yet to leave me. Until it does, I shall not be able to run for the presidency of the Wauneita Society."

noon's enjoyment was an oyster supper at the home of Mrs. Ward.

The Gateway, March, 1911

Dramatic Society.—An event of more than ordinary interest in University circles was the occasion of the organization of the Dramatic Society of the University of Alberta on February 24th, 1911. The purpose of the society is to promote an intelligent interest in the drama. A constitution and bylaws were adopted. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President, Dr. H. M. Tory; President, Dr. E. K. Broadus; Vice-President, Miss J. Montgomery; Secretary-treasurer, F. S. McCall.

Advisory Committee: Representative from Faculty, Dr. Kerr; representative from Senior College Group, J. Adam; representative from Junior College Group, Miss B. McLaughlin.

The society starts off in a most auspicious manner with a charter membership of twenty-six.

The first meeting of the Dramatic Society was held Saturday evening, March 11th, at the home of the President, Dr. Broadus.

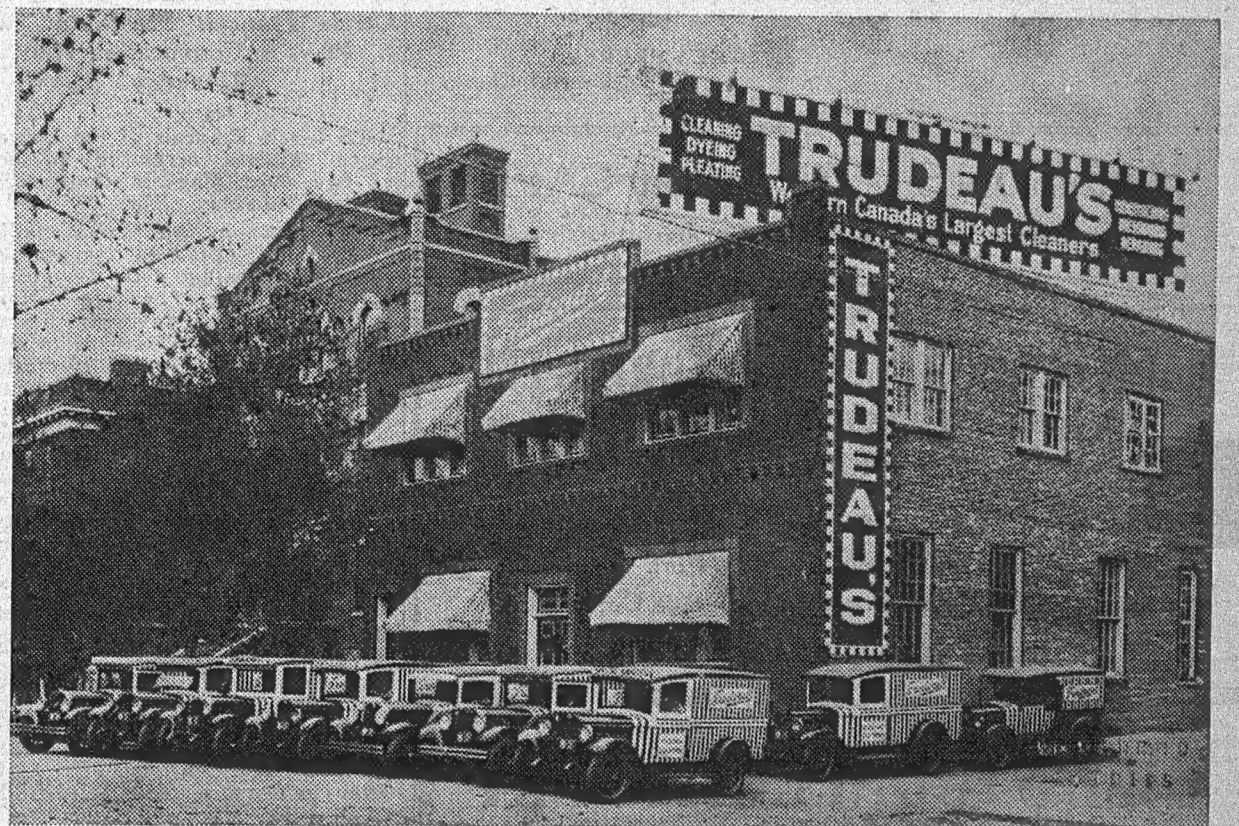
A Suggestion

It is a strange fact that in all the discussion as to business slackness and the period of depression, no one has suggested as one of the causes, extravagant advertising. We read an interesting article on this very subject in a Toronto paper some weeks ago. The writer considered that, consciously or subconsciously, a great many people have curtailed their buying because they have lost confidence in the claims of advertisers. For example, listen to this: "Day of Days! Night of Nights! Mighty Gods of Radio Sweep T. Triumph on the Silver Screen!" Words worthy to describe an event of international importance, but they merely announced the opening in New York of "Check and Double Check."

Such words as unparalleled, unique, supreme and stupendous, which should be used with the utmost caution, are used to describe such things as hair nets and shingle nails. Should advertisers be more careful to choose words—good, serviceable, and sound—which more aptly describe any article worth advertising, the public would have no reason to lose faith.

We remember, in this connection, the story of the negro night watchman who asked for an evening off that he might join some negro fraternity. A few days later, his employer asked him how he was getting on in his new lodge. "Fine, boss, fine suh!" he said. "I see Most Noble Grand Exalted Ruler in dat lodge now." "But," said his employer, "that seems rather a high title for one who has been a member only one week." "Well, suh," returned the night watchman, "dat's de lowest title we has in our lodge."

—PENWIPER.



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With this—the concluding number of The Gateway for this year—we express our thanks to the members of the faculty and the many students who have supported us during the term, in response to our Gateway advertising.

To those who are taking their "Finals" we hope that the connection that has been made will be carried on when they enter public business or private practice, and to those who will return for further terms, we look forward to being of service again in the Fall.

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A REVIEW OF SPORT

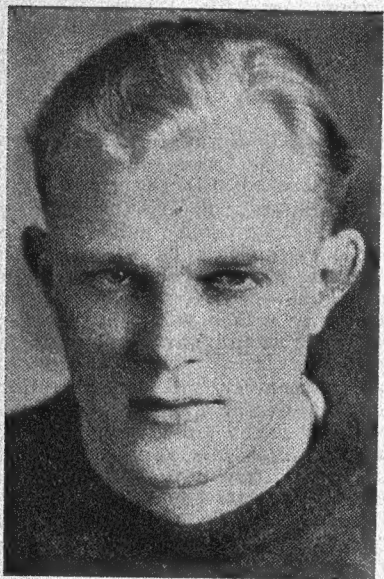
(Continued from Page 8)

of their fine performances falls to Bill Shandro. Bill has coached both men's and women's teams and has made a fine record in doing so. The men's senior team won the Northern and Central Alberta Basketball championship, and are still in the running for the Provincial title. They decisively defeated Saskatchewan, and are now showing up well at the coast. By the time this appears in print you will all know their fate.

The intermediate teams have not done as well as their senior brothers. However, they were no set-up for opposing teams—being narrowly nosed out of the playoff by the Y.M.C.A. The senior women's team has come through as usual. They took the Race cup, as has been their wont, by defeating Manitoba. Not satisfied with just this, they stepped out and copped the A.B.C. trophy, emblematic of the senior city championship.

It is with some pride that we look back on the sports of the past term. The various teams have won many cups and trophies that now grace our trophy case. Surely we can look forward to next term with a feeling that sport shall again assume its right place in our University. Should the compulsory athletic fee be adopted, nothing could keep sport down. There is no doubt that every student will get full value out of the athletic booklets, and, when they have them, they will use them. It will automatically encourage sport in our University, and we sincerely hope that the scheme will be adopted next year. We owe it to sport.

KING OF THE NETS



"DOOLEY" ROSS

Whose spectacular play between the gas-pipes has been a source of delight to the students, and of surprise to all.

RE ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

Members of all athletic teams must turn in equipment before March 25. Shortage after that date will be charged to the individuals.

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Students Support Council Almost Unanimously on Banquet Question

Students Laud Senior Hockey Team in Very Eulogistic Terms—Nominees Thank Supporters in Election Speeches

The first business on the agenda sheet at the Students' Union meeting held in Convocation Hall last Monday at 4:30 was the matter of sweaters and a dance for the Senior Hockey team. President Harding explained that the Council had made an appropriation of \$210 on this account, but that when they had gone to the Provost for permission to hold the dance, they had been refused on the ground that it was paying the boys for taking part in the game. The authorities did not object to the sweaters and would sanction a banquet for the boys, but would not countenance a dance at the Macdonald. The Council held that since the hockey team had made such a good showing, had turned in \$389 and had not used any of the \$600 appropriated by the Council for Senior Hockey, and had not had a trip as had other senior teams, that they were entitled to a dance in recognition of their efforts. The Council had passed the motion unanimously, and felt that the powers above were interfering where they had no right. They had brought the question before a meeting of the Union so that they might have the backing of the students in their proposal to take it higher.

Fred Gale moved that a dance be given to the members of the Senior Hockey team, their lady friends (to a number not exceeding the number on the hockey team), and certain members of the faculty and officials on the team; that sweaters be given to the members of the team as proposed by the Council. The motion was seconded by Cecil Hewson.

Nelson Gourlay, in rising to speak to the motion, reiterated in the same eulogistic terms what President Harding had said, and ended by saying that he thought it should be passed. Miss Barnett, President of Women's Athletics, said that the Council was not trying to set a precedent, and that there was no hint of commercialization in the transaction. Some other members of the Union spoke in the same key, no one speaking against the motion. On a vote being taken, it was found that there were only three votes registered against it.

The vote was followed by election speeches of the nominees for student positions. The speeches were cast in the usual form, the main consideration being the public expression of thanks to the nominators. The meeting adjourned at 6 p.m.

By an unfortunate omission, the following names were left out of the program for the Spring Play: The Director, Mrs. Elizabeth Haynes, and makeup by R. and I. Macdonald.

VERSATILE ATHLETE



BILL SHANDRO

Who, as well as coaching out three basketball teams and playing on the senior team, starred on last fall's rugby team.

FRENCH PLAYS SCORE SUCCESS

Cercle Français Presented Two Plays in Convocation Hall Thursday

Le Cercle Français of the University of Alberta successfully presented two short plays in Convocation Hall on Thursday night.

The first one was Le Poulailleur (the Hen-Coop), an exceedingly witty play dealing with the gossiping propensities of women. Marie and Gabrielle are staying with their old friend, the Comtesse de la Berthe, during the absence of the latter's husband. The catty remarks during the absence of the men caused great amusement in the audience. But the situation is altered very much by the appearance of Jacques de Hunetiere, the fiancee of Raymonde, the comtesse's younger sister. Even the prim and stiff old nurse forgets her age in an attempt to be coquettish.

Special notice must be made of the finished accent of Miss Dorothy Hawley and of Mr. Glen Shortliffe. Miss Jean Greig made a charming hostess, and ably supporting here were Miss D. F. Brown as Raymonde, Miss Allison Grant and Miss Dorothy Riley as Marie and Gabrielle. Miss Sylvia Evans as Gervaise, Miss Helen Gully as Martine, Mr. Glen Shortliffe as Jacques, and Mr. Gerard St. Germain as Ledru.

The second play was Un Caprice (A Whim), by de Musset, a one-act comedy—one of the loveliest comedies of the early nineteenth century. The lovely costumes of 1845 and the rich setting helped to make the play very effective. Mme. Allard wore a period dress that she brought from Paris, and Mme. Sonet had one specially made like it. The cast consisted of Mme. E. Sonet as Mathilde, Mme. H. Allard as Mme. de Léry, M. Hector Allard as M. de Chavigny, and M. Henri de Savoye as un domestique. The representation was excellent, and it was a treat to the audience to hear these people speaking all its beauties.

Entre act music was provided by Miss Mary Starr, who gave two piano solos, and Mlle. Bérangère Mercier, who gave a vocal solo.

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SPORTING SLANTS

We approach this last issue with a feeling of relief and perhaps a little regret. It has been an interesting work, keeping you in touch with the athletics of the University, trying to give each organization its due share of publicity and space, trying to account for defeats and sufficiently extol victories, trying to do as we promised in the first number—to give Varsity's athletes every encouragement and support and yet not explain away all their defeats, and we hope we have in some measure succeeded. We have had much cause for joy in the splendid hockey team carrying our colors this year. On track, both men and women carried off the honors.

Girls' teams have not travelled very extensively, but the mixed swimming team paid a visit to Saskatchewan.

In our coaches we have been particularly fortunate, Bill Shandro, Chris Fridfinnson and Dr. "Bud" Morgan being some outstanding examples.

N.F.C.U.S. SCHOLARS CHOSEN RECENTLY

Will Represent This University at Other Institutions Throughout Dominion

The Selection Committee at a recent session chose five University of Alberta students to represent this University at other Canadian colleges during next term, under the arrangements made through the N.F.C.U.S. travelling scholarships. Those chosen are Miss Alison Grant, Miss Dorothy Brown, Mr. J. Maxwell, Mr. P. Pitcher, and Mr. H. Prevey. It is not yet definitely known what universities these students will attend, but it is evident that Alberta is very well represented.

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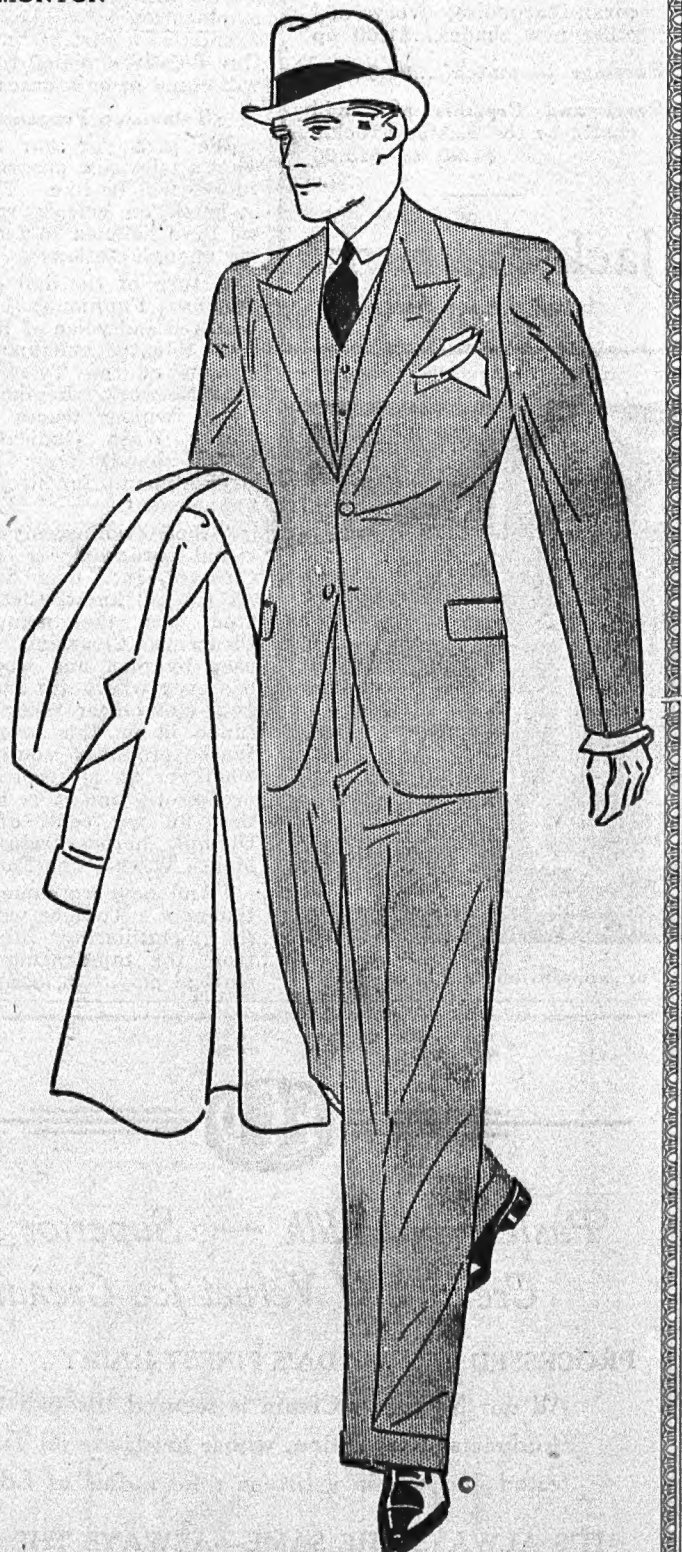
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